What If? (M)

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Summary: What if Robin had never lost his memory? What if he had held his allegiance with Plegia? Beaten and taken prisoner, Robin is offered a chance to betray and destroy the people he hates the most. Though he's destined to be the bringer of end times, Robin finds a reason he wants the world to see another day. Now he'll do everything he can to save it. M for sexual and violent content.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

What If: Robin Had Sided With Plegia?

Takes place two years after the death of Emmeryn and Gangrel. Note this world is very different from the one in Awakening. This is called "What if" after all.

Robin didn't understand. He was supposed to be dead. Maybe the blurry light was his entrance into the afterlife, though he had assumed he was always meant for Hell. It hurt to move. It hurt to not move. He was broken and bloody. He could feel blood dripping down his forehead. He was trying to remember… what had happened? How had he gotten into this state? He was a strong leader, he almost thought himself to be immortal. If God were to try and strike him down, he'd sure not go without a fight.

There was clatter, something was coming towards him. Robin managed to come enough to his grips to assume he was in fact still alive, but he still had little idea what was going on. He was starting to feel beyond the pain tearing through his body. He was lying down, the surface he was on was hard and cold. He cursed his vision as he struggled to see. The only thing he could notice was light coming from a single square, which he imagined was a window.

"*This way, My lord."*

"Gods above, Fredrick, you left him like that?"

"I am sorry, there has been little time for-"

"Get Lissa or Maribelle or, or someone who can heal him a little."

There were rapid footsteps from which Robin imagined was this 'Fredrick' jogging away. Robin was blinking furiously as he tried to clear his vision. What was happening? It was frustrating he didn't know. *What was happening?*

Now he felt like he was being watched. Robin always knew when he was being watched. It was an ability inherited from the lifestyle he lived. He took in a breath. Gods. Even **that** hurt. "W-w-who-…?" was all he managed to get out because being abruptly interrupted by a bloody cough.

"Poor, dastard. Had what was coming to you… but still…"

Robin could only continue to cough. The voice was deep and rather calming, though it was laced with weariness. What the hell was happening? He closed his eyes, forgetting his sight and gathering his thoughts. What had happened before?

*"Chrom… don't you think we should attend to our **actual soldiers** first?"* Amore feminine voice echoed.

There was clanging of metal as it sounded like a door was unlocked. Robin knew the name Chrom, to famed Exalt of Ylisse. But what was he doing here?

"We don't know how long he can hold in this state," the deep voice, which Robin assumed was Chrom, stated. *"The merchant really messed him up."*

The merchant!

Now Robin remembered. He had to get up, but his body wasn't responding. He had to find a way out, but there was surely no getting out of this one. His thoughts were interrupted as a door swung open.

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"Don't worry, he's far too hurt to harm you."

There were footsteps, Robin tried to open his eyes again to see three figures standing over him. "Oh… he is in bad shape…" One stated, the feminine voice. "I'll work on him for a little bit."

There was another voice Robin had never heard before in the distance. "Chrom, your wife is calling for you."

"Frederick," one figure turned to the other. "Would you interrogate this man if I do not return before this is over?"

The other figure bowed. "Yes m'lord."

Robin began to feel warm over his body, waves of relief shot through his veins. He knew this feeling. He knew it from anywhere. There was a heal staff working on him. He hadn't realized how tense he was until his muscles started to relax. With the pain slowly easing away, he slowly began to slip out of consciousness.

"Oh… it's you again."

Robin found himself facing off against an angry redheaded woman. In her hand was a Levin Sword, which sparked and tingled with electricity. "I see you have a new toy," he chuckled. "That's adorable."

"You bastard…" the woman growled, charging at him at full speed. She swung her sword sending bolts of lightning in his direction, but Robin easily dodged.

"Please," he began charging up a tome. "What makes you think this won't end like it did last ti-" he was cut short as his tome was knocked out of his hand.

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Robin's eyes widened to find he had lost sight of the woman before hearing her shout above him. He looked up just in time to see her sword come down to strike him and-

"GAH!"

The man shot up from bed into a sitting position. He could finally see clearly, but now the room was dark. Light no longer leaked through the window and the only thing lighting his surroundings was a single candle stick.

"You're awake."

Robin looked in the direction of the voice. He was surprised to see none other than the Exalt himself sitting in a chair in the other side of iron bars. Though too dark to see much. The distinguishable blue hair glistened from the moonlight coming through the barred window. The man had the hint of dark circles under his eyes, his eye lids drooped tiredly. If Robin had to guess it must have been pretty late at night. Surely someone as important as Chrom wouldn't spend his night waiting for a prisoner of war to wake up.

"Where am I." Robin stated. His tone implying he was asking for an answer but rather he was demanding one. Chrom stood up from his seat gesturing towards the window.

"You're in one of Yisse's forts," the man replied. "One of our soldiers hurt you pretty badly." Chrom wrapped his hands around the bars. "Alot of us wanted to leave you to die but I saw an opportunity."

Robin rolled his eyes. Great, now he was a bargaining chip. There was no other position that could be more shameful. A sigh escaped his lungs as he silently wished they had left him to die. Gods know whatever punishment awaited him back home would be far worse.

"I wanted to ask for your cooperation."

"Eh?" Robin raised a brow. "You what?"

Chrom chuckled, his gaze turning towards the ground. "I've heard a lot about you. You're smart, you know how to win any fight. But I know you have plenty of reasons to hate the people back in Plegia as well, perhaps even more then us."

He wasn't wrong. Robin hated his family and comrades back home more than anything. He of course had his reasons to fight alongside them but driving a sword through the king's heart would certainly fill Robin with joy. Their king was truly insane, in all honesty killing him would be doing Plegia a favor.

"Gangrel was mad, but I hear your new king is causing Plegia to crumble," Chrom informed him. "If we can stop him, maybe it would benefit us both."

Damn it, he was right. Robin wanted to kick himself. He couldn't believe he was even considering joining his enemy. "How do you know I won't just stab you when you're not looking," he said with a smirk. Chrom smiled and shook his head.

"There is no doubt that in my mind Frederick would kill you first," he told him. "Nothing gets past him." Aserious expression spread across Chrom's face. "Though I warn you, this is your only chance. And even so you'll have to prove

yourself to win the favor of the others. Anna already wants to kill you."

If there were anyone I would take out first, it would be her. Robin thought to himself. "What would I do?" He asked. "Fight on the battlefield?"

Chrom shook his head with a chuckle. Robin wasn't really surprised. They wouldn't let him anywhere near a weapon for a good while. "Word has spread about your skills in tactics," the exalt said. "I think we could use them."

It was an interesting offer. Ylisse was known for their strong soldiers and that on its own was making the offer tempting. "That's still risky position to put me in," Robin said. "I could send your army to their deaths."

Chrom again shook his head. "You'll be supervised, we have other's you'll work with. Believe it or not we're aren't completely idiotic."

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Chrom turned his back to the cell. "You have until tomorrow morning to make up your mind," he stated. "Otherwise I agreed to let the redhead who brought you here finish her business with you."

With Robin giving no verbal response, Chrom took his leave.

"Nnnng-!" Ayoung queen bit her bottom lip. Her brunette hair was strewn messily about the bed, her exposed chest gently rose up and down as heated breaths escaped her lungs. It was dark, so she couldn't see anything, but she could feel everything. "Hooohh gods..." She whimpered as she ran one hand through her hair and the other through her lover's.

The sensations tingling between her legs were nothing short of satisfactory, but still the queen wanted more. "Faster..." She moaned. Her hands moved her breasts, the tips of her fingers delicately tickled her soft skin as she began to tease herself.

"Allow me, my queen," her lover said. The brunette shivered as wet, hungry lips wrapped themselves around her nipple. The magic down below continuing a little faster. The queen's hips moved back and forth rhythmically as pleasure shot through her veins. The cold air stimulated her wet nipple as the mouth removed itself from her breast. She expected it to move to her other but was surprised when the person spoke.

"How far will we be going tonight, Queen Sumia?"

Sumia thought for a moment. She wanted to keep going, but knew it would be better to play it safe. Instead of answering she reached out and kissed her lover's lips for a few moments. Her hands moved across her other's skin as her tongue flickered from her lips. "I… I suppose we should stop…" She sighed. "I don't know if Chrom plans to return here tonight."

There was a sigh of disappointment from the other, a warm sigh Sumia could feel brushing against her skin. "Let me finish here first," the other responded. "It's only fair." The queen giggle as she felt the mouth move to the opposite breast, letting out a pleasing hum.

She pressed the head against her breast, hoping maybe her doing so my make it last longer. But all too soon it was over, and with a final kiss goodbye, her lover slipped away, leaving the bed much colder. Sumia sighed and rolled over in bed. Maybe Chrom would please her if he returned, but her husband had been so tired from his duties as of late he rarely had the energy, and Sumia imagined tonight would be no different. Time slowly passed and eventually Chrom's footsteps could be heard as he entered the room. It was of course, too dark to see.

"Darling?" He whispered gently as he sat down on the side of the bed. He pulled his shirt off and tossed it in the floor.

"Yes, my love?" Sumia asked as he slipped under the covers. Her lips curled into a smile as Chrom wrapped an arm around her.

"Oh," Chrom grunted with surprise as he felt her bare skin against his. "You're very naked tonight."

Sumia smiled and touched the tip of his nose. "I was waiting for someone," she hummed. Chrom let out a tired sigh though, causing the woman's heart to sink.

"I'm sorry, darling," he grunted as he made himself comfortable. He pulled her in closer. "Not tonight, I'm far too tired."

How predictable.

Next: What If: There Was a Royal Scandal

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

What If: There Was a Royal Scandal?

I'm not sure how clearly I am writing this. If there's any confusion, tell me and I'll explain and try to clear it up in the chapter.

"You dare defy me, boy!?" a hand swept across a table, knocking it's contents on the floor. As the clatter settled, Robin could feel the stern eyes burning holes through him. "You think this is a game?"

The Mad King Gangrel was… well… mad. Robin wasn't really afraid of him, but the man's enragement was an annoyance none the less.

"Bring me the girl."

Robin's eyes widened, he stepped forward and called out to stop him but a guard grabbed him and held him back. Robin continued to plead as a young female dark mage was led into the room. Gangrel snarled at her, holding out a hand as another guard placed a whip in his hand. With a flick of the wrist the whip cracked on the ground, causing the poor girl to jump.

"Don't hurt her!" Robin begged. "I'll take it!"

Gangrel cracked the whip again. "You should have though things through a bit better, boy." The whip cracked again, striking the girl and sending her falling to her knees with a cry. "Feel that? You can thank your boyfriend for it!"

Robin cried out again, fighting and struggling to free himself from the grasp of the guard. He gritted his teeth as the girl was struck again. He slipped from his grip and charged Gangrel, but was thrown on his back as the king delivered a heavy kick to the stomach, knocking the wind out of him. He fell limp beside the girl, who was whimpering and crying.

"Tharja…" Robin groaned. She cried out in pain at another crack of the whip. "I'm… so… sorry…"

Crack!

Robin's eyes fluttered open. He was still in his cell. On the other side of the bars he could see a man in green armor with brown hair standing with his back facing the cell. Robin stood up, he still hurt but at least he could manage to stand.

"Hey…"

The man guarding the cell turned around.

"Go tell Chrom I've made my decision."

"You can't do this!"

"Last I checked, I was in charge. Technically I can."

"This isn't justice!"

"Perhaps, but we can use him."

Aredhead with a large ponytail slammed her hands down on Chrom's desk. "How can you even think of trusting him!?" The two of them were in Chrom's tent. Chrom sat at his desk as Anna paced the room angrily.

"Anna,' Chrom ran his hand through his hair. " I understand where you're coming from. I know how badly he hurt you. But you got your fair share of payback-"

"I almost died!" she cut him off.

"And yet, here you are," Chrom said with a smile. With that he waved her off. "This isn't your concern any more, now if you'll excuse me, I have Exalt things to do." Though she wanted to ramble more, Anna stormed off, leaving Chrom to sift through some papers. After a few moments, Frederick stepped into the tent. Chrom didn't have to hear anything aloud to

know that Frederick thought he was making a poor choice.

Frederick didn't have to ask why he did what he did. He already knew the answer. Chrom simply wanted to follow his late sister's example. She was always so forgiving, no matter how terrible the circumstances. Besides, Frederick knew better than to ask questions. If Chrom set his mind to something there was little chance of changing it.

"Shall I arrange a proper bed for him?" Frederick asked.

Chrom nodded. "Yes… give him his own tent in fact, it would probably be best to keep him away from the others. I want to keep this under wraps."

Frederick bowed and agreed before leaving.

On the opposite side of the fort, Anna rummaged through her shop. With the sun having set not too long ago she had to hold a lantern in one hand to see what she was doing. She needed something small and sharp, and she knew she sold something that would fit the bill but the darkness made everything harder.

"Ah." the light of the lantern illuminated a small knife, easy to miss among all the other swords and weapons. She swiped it up and blew out the candle before leaving the shop. Though she was anxious to reach her destination, she was careful to keep her pace slow as to not draw attention. Soon the cells came into view. There was very obviously only one occupant, but Chrom had still assigned his knight, Stahl, to keep watch.

Though as the merchant predicted, Stahl was slumped over against the wall and fast asleep. The keys to the cell laid on the ground a few inches from him. This was too easy, she wasn't even going to have to pick the lock. Anna was almost sure the gods above were asking her to do this. Picking up the keys quietly, she slipped over to the cell that held Robin. She fumbled with the keys for several seconds as she figured out which key would match the cell door before she unlocked it and silently let herself in.

Her target appeared to be sleep on the cot every cell had, his back facing her. This would be quick and silent. The dagger would go through the heart and Anna would leave. She would take her things and leave the fort in the night, hopefully never to be seen again. Quick, simple, silent, it was almost a shame that the man wouldn't experience a long, painful death. But this was the way the merchant would have to handle it, lest she get in trouble. It would be especially easy to slip away seeing as her sisters all looked the same as-

Her thoughts were cut short as the knife was smacked from her hand and sent across the room. The supposedly sleeping Robin sprang from his bed and tackled the woman to the ground. "Back stabbing whore," he grunted as they rolled on the ground.

"Douche mclittle dick," Anna retorted. She was surprised how strong Robin was, he certainly didn't look it. But Robin was having no easy time wrestling her. His still healing body screamed in pain. With a final push he threw her to the side and scrambled for the knife, quickly grabbing it and going into a defensive pose.

Anna hadn't thought this through. She thought for sure this would go smoothly and now she had no weapon, but she was surprised Robin hadn't already struck her down.

"Get out."

The merchant looked at him with confusion. "Get out." He repeated, waving the knife towards the door.

"I-"

"If you don't leave this instant I will wake up that useless guard and you'll get your ass handed to you for busting in here."

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Not taking her gaze off him, Anna slowly crept out of the cell, closing the door as she did. Robin tossed the knife out the window, Anna would have to exit the fort to retrieve it. The merchant hurried away, dropping the keys by Stahl before rounding the corner of a tent and falling to her knees and gasping. She had been holding her breath. She had thought she was a dead woman. Robin could have killed her here and there and she knew how ruthless he could be. She could only thank her lucky stars she was still alive.

Sumia found herself in her quiet place: the stalls with her pegasus. Passing the time away she carefully brushed its mane. She found she needed these moments often, to be alone and able to collect her thoughts. She had a lot of things on her mind after all.

She jumped slightly as two hands place themselves on her hips before they slid forward, fingers intertwined at the belly.

"Hey there, love."

Sumia's lips curled into a smile as she turned around in the embrace. "Hello, darling," she hummed. Her index finger began to twirl about her her lover's long hair, the red strands wrapping around her index finger.

"I thought I might find you here," she was told. "It's not fit for a queen to take care of her own Pegasus."

"Oh hush, Cordelia," her quieted her lover down with her lips. It was slow and gentle. Sumia closed her eyes to take in the sweet flavor of the redhead's lips.

"Oh," Cordelia smirked as they parted. Making a light popping noise with her lips. "Did you use new lipstick?"

The queen nuzzled the tip of her nose against her other's. "Maybe," she giggled. "Do you like it?"

Cordelia unwrapped her hands around Sumia and cupped her cheeks in her hands. "I'm not sure, let me try it again." With that she pressed her lips against her queen's. This time the kiss was deeper, more aggressive. Cordelia began to push, and Sumia began to step back. Either Sumia would be pressed up against the wall or she would trip and fall to the ground, either way Cordelia was willing to work with.

Surprisingly the former happened first. Has Sumia's back bumped the wooden walls of the stable, she could feel Cordelia's hand reaching under her skirt.

"Cordelia, wait," Sumia panted. "What if someone sees?"

The Pegasus knight proceeded, her fingernails teasing Sumia through the fabric of her pants, causing her to tremble. "No one comes out here. It's just you, me, and the horses."

Sumia's hips began to move back and forth, her breath shaky as Cordelia tickled her between her legs. But she reached out and grabbed her friend's arm. "Wait," she blushed intensely. "L-L-Let me..." She reached under Cordelia's skirt, much to the other girl's surprise, and began stroking her.

"Mmmm," Cordelia hummed. "You're not bad." Sumia had learned a few things from lonely nights when Chrom was away. She attempted to lean forward and kiss Cordelia again but stumbled and fell forward, knocking herself and Cordelia into a stack of hay.

Sumia blushed and apologized frantically but stopped as an index finger pressed against her lips. "Please… keep going, my queen."

That sent shivers down Sumia's spine. "W-who am I?"

"My queen."

Sumia began to rub her more vigorously, feeling rather invigorated by the sudden sense of dominance. Cordelia clearly was not used to being touch by another before. The girl squirmed helplessly underneath her. Sumia reached under the fabric to touch Cordelia's wet, delicate skin. The other woman shivered. Sum had never seen the woman like this before, she was always so strong and independent.

"Ooooh gods, don't stop…" The red head breathed, she couldn't help but notice how Sumia would try harder every time she spoke. "Your majesty, you're such a tease," she whined. "Please… please..."

Sumia, though not stopping her work down below, pressed her lip's against Cordelia's. The redhead wrapped her arms around the queen's neck and held her close, her whole body rocked back in forth. "You're so cute when you beg," Sumia said in between lip locks. "You should do that more…"

Cordelia, now gasping for breath, parted their lips, a thin strand of saliva leaving a trail. "Please, your majesty," she gasped. "I want you inside of me-" Her voice trailed off into a squeak as Sumia's fingers slipped in. Outside of touching herself she had never felt such a sensation, but it was so different with someone else. Before she could say anything else, their lips met again. Sumia's lips parted and Cordelia began to slip in her tongue and-

"What in tarnations?"

Their skin went pale as both Sumia and Cordelia looked up to see a young boy with curly, purple hair and a pot on his head. He looked down at them with surprise. The bucket he held in his hand slipped from his grasp and hit the floor with

a clang. "G-g-golly, I was- I didn't mean-" he stammered, his face flushed red more and more red at the sight of Cordelia's skirt flipped up, pants down, womanhood exposed. "The stable- the horses- I didn't know-"

"Donnel…" Cordelia said in a hushed tone, "C-calm down."

The farm boy's eyes were dashing in every direction. He wanted to run but he felt frozen in place. "Does Chrom… know a-about… bout-"

"Donnel, you mustn't tell anyone…"

"He don't know!?" Donnel quickly covered his hand with his mouth. "Y-you gotta tell'm."

"Donnel, you mustn't," Sumia begged, her eyes already watering. "It would create an uproar."

"If word got out, it would be a humiliation to all of us… Chrom included," Cordelia reasoned as she flipped her skirt back down.

"Cordelia could be punished, or sentenced to death," Sumia added, tears streaming down her cheeks. "P-please…"

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Donnel finally found the will to move and dashed out of the barn. "Damn it," Cordelia grunted. She slipped out form under Sumia and sprang to her feet before dashing out of the barn. But Cordelia was no runner, Sumia knew that much. Catching a spry boy like Donnel would be no easy task. So she too leapt up to her feet to give the chase. She could only hope she wouldn't trip and fall.

But as she stepped outside, she stopped. Cordelia was only a few paces ahead of her. Donnel was nowhere to be seen.

"Oh no."

Anna crouched in the shadows, watching a particular tent. Since the previous night, Robin had been removed from his cell and was now staying in a small tent. It wasn't very big, there was about enough room for a cot and a place to stand. The tent was of course still under watch, if "under watch" meant Stahl once again passed out in the grass several yards away. That troublesome bastard could easily slip out. Though he hadn't, and Anna could only wonder why. So with that she broke into a silent trot to the tent.

It was dark inside, no doubt. Anna would have no way of telling if Robin was awake or asleep. At least not initially as her eyes adjusted to the dark.

"Please don't tell me you're here to kill me again."

Anna smiled and threw her hands up in the air. "Ha, no," she responded. She slipped into the tent, Robin was standing by his bed, holding a now lit lantern.

"Then go away," He ordered, never breaking his eye contact with the woman.

Anna smirked and put her index finger to her lips. "So I can stay if I'm trying to kill you?" she asked slyly, taking a step closer towards the man.

"At that pointing asking wouldn't do any good," Robin said, giving her a motioning wave to leave. "I'm very busy, leave me be," he turned his back to her. Anna reached out and grabbed his hand, pulling to have him face towards her again.

"Busy doing what?" She asked knowingly. "You have a cot and a lamp."

"Yes and I also find your presence rather unappealing so I'd be most pleased if you left," his tone was mocking. Anna's brow furrow, her cheeks puffing into a pout.

"You certainly know how to make a girl feel wanted," she told him. He faced her fully and began to retort but stopped short as the redhead pushed herself up against him. "Maybe I could teach you a thing or two," her index finger began to circle his chest.

Robin did a double take. "Woman, what are you-!?"

"Shh shh shh shh shh," she hushed him, putting an index finger to his lips. "Just let it happen," she told him, placing a

hand on his hip.

"Why in the hell-?"

"Such a big, attractive man with big strong muscles," Anna again interrupted him again. She ran her hand down his torso before placing it on his opposite hip. "How can a lady not be drawn?" She noticed that the man was no longer resisting. She let one hand fall lazily to her side as the other hand cupped his chin.

As she leaned towards him, Robin noticed a flash from the corner of his eye. He grit his teeth and gave Anna a heavy shove, knocking her off her feet and causing her to tumble out of the tent. In the faint moonlight a knife could seen in her hands.

"You think I'm stupid?" Robin growled, standing in the entrance of the tent. "I've lived with the most dastardly and sly every day of my life! You don't think I can't see through your childish tricks?" He snatched up his lantern and blew it out, the inside of the tent one again going dark. "I have battle plans to work on tomorrow and would like to rest. I suggest you leave before I wake up the guard and inform him of the trouble you're causing me!"

Anna laid there looking at Robin for a moment. With nothing else to say he backed up into the darkness and closed the flap of his tent. That was a first. Every man before him had fallen for the merchant's charm. As a sales woman that was her specialty. She glanced over at Stahl to see he indeed was still asleep.

With a sigh, she stood up. She looked at the knife in her hands before she threw it down. It landed wedged in the earth, standing on the blade just in front of Robin's door. Maybe it was time she gave up trying to kill him, and get him some other way.

Next: What If: Violence Wasn't the Answer to Everything?

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

What if: Violence Wasn't the Answer to Everything?

Chrom's gaze shifted upwards from his desk to see Frederick stepping into the tent. He was sweating and tired, clearly having just returned from battle. Though this was not much of a surprise. The Exalt raised a brow as the man stopped to stand before him, giving a slight bow and greeting Chrom politely.

"Well?" Chrom asked, knowing good and well his knight had something to report.

"It went… quite smoothly, better than usual" Frederick explained. "The tactician's strategy worked quite in our favor in the end."

Robin had been assigned his first task as tactician. Chrom had been waiting some time for a report on a Risen attack, and at the first he heard, he assigned Robin the task of forming a battle strategy and to kill them and keep everyone safe. It was a test run, of course. Chrom had extra reinforcements just in case Robin's plan went horribly wrong or the tactician sprung some sort of trap.

"Well, it's good to know he's competent," Chrom said, nodding his head in approval. "Now if only we could trust him…"

Frederick closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. "Yes m'lord, and about that," he had a serious expression on his face. There was no way this could be good. "We specifically made it clear not to tell the soldiers about his involvement, if I'm not mistaken?"

Chrom nodded, his brow now furrowed with slight confusion. He was about to ask what could be wrong when an angry voice outside the tent shouted his name.

"**Chrom**!" An angry blonde stormed in. There was fire in her eyes and her face was beet red. "I'm not one to use fowl language, but you are one low-life bastard!"

"M-Maribelle," another blonde with two bouncy pigtails stammered, following after the other and grabbing her arm. "Everything went fine! There were hardly any injuries and we got the job done-"

"Lissa. Darling. This man left our lives in the hands of-of a monster!" Maribelle exclaimed, pointing an accusing finger at Chrom. "What if something had happened to you? That poor excuse of a human being couldn't possibly have a care in the world for you safety!"

"Maribelle, I can assure you that-" Chrom tried to explain to her that she was never in any real danger, but her was quickly cut out by more rambling. Lissa, trying to calm her friend down, led her out of the tent, but the woman's upset voice could be heard fading into the distance as they made their way away from the tent.

Chrom turned to Frederick, his brow still furrowed, but his eyes were glazed over in thought. "How did they know?" he asked, but Frederick had no answer.

"I do not know, m'lord," he stated. "The only ones who knew about this were you and I. Someone else must have figured it out."

"And then I socked him across the jaw!" Anna exclaimed, throwing her fists through the air. Her voice rang about the mess hall "He was practically begging to tell me what was going on when I was through with him!"

If there was one thing Anna would claim she was better at than making a sale, it was telling a tall tale. Lying and making up stories was so much easier if she made it flashy and dramatic. Nobody ever questioned her if she said ran her mouth confidently enough. Though for once she didn't have her viewer at the edge of his seat.

Donnel lazily poked at the vegetables on his plate, sitting across form Anna. He normally was very good about eating his vegetables. His ma had taught him to be. Anna tilted her head and put her index finger to her chin. The farm boy's mind was clearly else wear.

Anna was almost tempted to just get up in leave, though it was so unusual to see Donnel like so. "Are you alright?" she asked, it almost sounded like she was concerned.

"Golly, I'm sorry, Anna," the boy responded, scratching his forehead under the pot that rested on his purple hair. "Just got a lot of things on m' mind."

Anna snorted in amusement. "What could a farm boy like yourself possibly be keeping all cluttered up in that brain of your's?" she asked. Donnel wasn't paying enough attention to actually be insulted by what she had implied.

Donnel sighed, holding up a slice of carrot to his eye level. "Moral ambiguity, I reckon," he responded, clearly only half in the conversation.

"I'm surprised you even know what ambiguity means," she commented, again the comment went over his head. Donnel was no fun to mess with. "But hey, you know a good way to keep your mind off things?"

Donnel looked at her, appearing to be at least a little curious. "What might that be?" he asked.

Anna flashed a toothy grin. "Shopping! Blowing away all your money!" she jumped up from her seat. "I'll go open my shop for you right now-"

"Naw," Donnel responded, finally popping the carrot in his mouth. "That's awfully nice of ya t'offer though, thanks." Anna pouted, though she knew she couldn't be too upset. It was more than likely Donnel didn't have much money to spend anyways. After all, he wore a pot on his head.

Deciding she should take her leave, Anna left the mess hall. Donnel was now all by himself. Though the moment of solitude only lasted a few moments before someone else sat across from him. He looked up to see Cordelia, jumping with a start and falling from his seat. He should have known better. This time had to come eventually. It wasn't like Donnel had many places to run.

"Oh boy…" the farm boy groaned.

Cordelia gave him a soft smile. "Either you haven't told Chrom yet, or he's waiting for the opportune moment to kill me," she said softly.

"I ain't told no one," Donnel sighed, running his hand through his hair. "I reckon I couldn't decide for m'self." He drummed his fingers on the table anxiously.

Cordelia, unable to make eye-contact, shifted uncomfortably in her seat. "Thank you, Donnel," she said, gaze turned downward. She didn't really know what else to say, the the farm boy clearly had little to speak as well.

After a few quiet moments, the woman stood up, she turned to walk away when Donnel finally spoke, "I just…" he tired to begin. "I just wanted to fight… fer m' ma… for the farm… for everyone," he explained. "I want to help make the world a better place. 'Don't want nothing to do with them politics of royalty."

Cordelia looked over her shoulder. Donnel had pull his pot over his eyes. "You're a good person, Donnel," she told him. "I'm sorry you got involved…" she knew couldn't leave it at this. He was sparing her from a life of misery, or even death. She owed him something.

She stepped over to him, causing him to look up at her. "W-would you like to see it again?" she blushed, fidgeting uncomfortably.

"W-what?" Donnel asked.

Cordelia's fingertips grazed the edge of her skirt. "M-my… my… you know…" she lifted up her skirt, her panties at Donnel's eye level.

The boy staggered back and did a double take. "Wha-wha-wha-wha-wha-"

Cordelia bowed, her eyes jammed shut. "You spared me!" she exclaimed. "You spared me and the queen from a life of misery!" She stood up straight, her eyes watering. She hooked her thumb on her panties and began to slowly slide them down. "It's only fair I somehow repay-"

"No! Nonononononononono!" Donnel waved his hands in front of him. His face was redder than any tomato he had ever grown. "I-I-I-I don't want nothing more to do with this!" he blurted out. "I just wanna forget everything that happened and fight bad guys and tend to m' garden!"

…

…

…

Cordelia slowly let go of her skirt, letting it fall back into place. She took a deep breath as she regained her composer. "I… apologize," she could only think of the men who would kill to even see her body, and this boy turned her down. "If you… ever need something… or change your mind… just… ask."

...

"If ya ain't gonna tell Chrom... You should at least stop... Y'know... With the queen."

With that Cordelia ran off, leaving Donnel once again all by himself.

"I wanted to congratulate you on your first successful assignment here."

Robin looked up from his book to see Chrom stepping into his tent. There wasn't really much room for him to stand, which he seemed to notice as his head rubbed against the top of the tent. The tactician closed his book and set the book down. "What do you want," he knew Chrom hadn't merely come here to tell him how amazing he was.

Chrom cleared his throat. "Now that you've taken the troops for a spin I was curious of your evaluation of them?" he informed him. "How do we fair against Plegia?"

Robin sighed, sitting on the side of his cot. "You're troops are strong, but you have few to spare," he commented. "Plegia has you outnumbered, and they're willing to die to get the simplest jobs done."

The Exalt crossed his arms and scratched his head. "So we definitely need more troops," he sighed. Robin only nodded silently. Chrom turned around and began to exit the tent.

"Chrom," Robin muttered. The blue haired prince stopped, turning to look at him. "That blasted redhead has tried to kill me twice in the night. Do something about that. I'd much so like to sleep without having to worry I might wake up with a knife in my back."

The prince shook his head and blinked a few times. He seemed quite shocked by what he was hearing. He was almost sure Robin was simply making things up. "I'll… talk with her," he said. He turned around and exited the tent.

"Frederick!" Robin heard him shout from outside. "I think it's time we paid a visit to Ferox!"

"And then I socked him across the jaw!" Anna exclaimed, throwing her fists through the air. "He was practically begging to tell me what was going on when I was through with him!"

"Poor guy," laughed Stahl. He let out a yawn, clearly ready to flop down in the grass and nap.

Anna shook her head in disapproval. "I just can't believe Chrom would trust that monster," she told him. "Like, what kind of mindset is that."

Stahl plucked a blade of grass from the ground and twirled it around between his fingers. "What if he's right?"

...

"What?" Anna asked after a moment of silence. Maybe she was only misunderstanding what Stahl meant, after all there was no way he could be agreeing that Robin was-

"All I'm saying is the guy got us through a fight in one piece," Stahl said, laying down in the grass and resting his head in his hands. "With barely even a scratch, no less."

Anna scoffed, already getting ready to get up in leave. "That's absurd," she denied. "He'd kill us all the second he got a chance."

Stahl let out a another yawn, closing his eyes and hoping that maybe the merchant would just leave him be. "Well he got us through this time, and expertly so," he noted. "I've never been in a battle that's gone that well."

…

Stahl opened an eye. Anna was walking away. It made her so mad. How dare anyone praise him. After what he had done to her, nobody could ever speak fondly of him. He was cruel, and he was a monster. He had hurt her and now she… she…

She wanted to hurt him.

His tent wasn't far. She told herself she should stay away. Every time she lashed out at him it always backfired embarrassingly. He was just naturally skilled at fighting. For once Anna wished she hadn't used her time to learn how to get the best bargain and rather learned how to beat a scumbag to a pulp.

She was there. The tent stood before her. He was most likely on the other side of the closed entrance. Chances were he already knew she was there. It was too late now. She was too mad. She threw aside the tent flap and stormed in. Robin was on his cot reading a book, and before a word could slip from his mouth she slapped him across the face.

"What the hell, woman!?" Robin exclaimed, standing up and rubbing his sore cheek. "Are you crazy!? Just leave me alone already!"

"I'm mad at you!" Anna shot back. *Wow*, she thought, *what a lame comeback*. "I'm pissed off and I decided to take it out on you!" She spat, Robin wiped his face with his sleeve. "But I'm still mad and that slap didn't feel as good as I thought it would!" Now she was just shouting for the sake of shouting.

…

"Are you don-"

She slapped him again, it still didn't feel that great. Now Robin was beyond reasoning and slapped her back. "How **dare** you!" She exclaimed.

"Oh go to hell," Robin grumbled to her. "Gods know I've done far worse."

Now Anna wasn't thinking straight. She was blind with rage and so she reached out and grabbed Robin's hair, pulling on it as hard as she could. Robin grabbed her hair in response and the two tussled for a few moments. Anna used one hand to let go of his hair and pinched his nipple through his shirt, twisting it like a key in a lock. Robin tried to pulled away but there was no room and Anna wasn't letting go. So as before he mirrored her and twisted hers. She let out a squeal, clearly everything she did to him he just did back to her but harder. So she did the one thing she knew he couldn't hurt her with.

! ! !

The two froze. Anna's rage shattered to pieces. She found herself standing before Robin. One hand twisting his nipple, the other hand in his pants holding onto something.

"Where'd you learn that? At the brothel?" Robin growled. He grunted and gritted his teeth as her grip tightened. For once, the man was at her mercy. Anna couldn't help but notice the thing in her hands expanding.

It was in that moment, she didn't understand how, but she knew what she wanted. After all this man had done to her, after the physical and mental scarring, and the lack of justice for his actions, she didn't just want to hurt him, or even kill him for it.

She leaned her weight towards the cot, and they both fell on his bed. This was her moment. He was completely at her mercy, any sort of resistance would only hurt the delicate flesh she held in her hands.

"I hope you don't have a wife at home," she whispered as she undid her belt, and evil smirk on her face.

"You don't have it in you," Robin thought for sure he was calling her bluff. But his uncertainty grew as she pulled her pants down slightly.

"Fuck you."

She pulled down Robin's pants and he could feel the breeze between his knees "Nng-!" Robin grunted as she squeezed it. She was a tease. She rubbed the tip against her clit, a moan oozing from her lungs as she threw her head back a little. She bit her bottom lip and used her free hand to squeeze her breast.

"Dammit, get this over wit-"

"Hush, or I'll only tease you longer."

…

Oh he wanted it. He hated that he did, but he wanted it. Anna knew he was putty in her hands. She might have left if he kept resisting. She wouldn't be able to live with herself if she stooped so low to rape him, that would only put her on his level.

But this, seeing his frustration as she toyed with him, this was satisfying. Aslap was a split second, hardly worth counting as a moment in time. This lasted, and she could enjoy every second of it. She took her hand to the collar of her vest and pulled it down under her breasts, using one hand to remove her bra as well. She leaned over above Robin, and boobs hanging over him. "Suck them and maybe I'll go a little deeper," she told him.

The hatred burning in his eyes towards her gave her more pleasure than any intercourse could. Taking one boob in each hand, he began to suck on one, using his index finger and thumb and pinch and tease at the other.

"Ooh," Anna hummed happily. "Learn that at the brothel?" She asked with a smirk. She felt teeth bite down on her nipple in response. She yelped and pulled back. "You bastard," she snarled, inspecting her nipples. There were teeth marks, but no blood. Now Robin had a smug look on his face. She was mad again. She hated that expression. She wanted to cover it up.

She sat on his face.

"Mmphf!" Robin exclaimed.

Anna rolled her eyes. "Oh shut up. You love it," she growled, massaging her now sore nipple. "I'm not moving until I'm happy." She could feel Robin sigh between her legs. After a few moments off just massaging her breast, Anna could feel Robin going to work. She pressed down on him harder, groaning a little. She was reaching that point of needing something inside her. Her desires were beginning to get the best of her. Robin was surprisingly good at this. She always figured he was a virgin because he was too busy murdering people, but he clearly had a bit of experience.

She leaned down and kissed the mushroom tip further stimulating it. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of going too deep, but she wrapped her lips around the mushroom rig and sucked on it gently. She had half a mind to bite him back, but now she was concerned he might quit at that. Or even wrose he might be into it. She didn't want this to be over. She hadn't felt this good in years.

"Alright right, this is it," she didn't want to wait any longer, she was horny, and it had been building since they had started and now she was about ready to burst. But she would never tell Robin that. She readjusted herself quickly, worried she might give away how badly she wanted it too. How had hate sex turned into this?

They groaned in harmony as she finally let him enter her. For the first time, she let go of him and began to move her hips in a back and forth motion.

"Faster," Robin moaned. She was hoping he would say that. She picked up the pace as their breathing grew heavier. Anna had forgotten how amazing sex was. She had been so busy she hadn't even had time to just pleasure herself.

Wait.

But when people have sex that means-

"You better not cum in me!" She exclaimed.

Robin looked at her with surprised. "You didn't come ready for that!?"

"I didn't show up thinking I would be doing this!"

"Well I'm about-" Robin wasn't in a position to pull out, in a flash the only thing he could think of was to shove the woman back. Sure enough, Anna fell backwards and Robin's junk was let free, spraying his juice all over her belly and exposed chest.

…

Robin looked over at her, watching as she tried to wipe the stuff off to find it stuck to her hands.

"What's your name again?"

Next: What If: Ferox had a Different Khan

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

What if: Ferox had a Different Khan?

Sorry this chapter jumps around a lot.

Robin couldn't move. He let out a groan and tried to shift his position, but he struggled to pick himself up. As his sleepiness wore off and he came to his senses he realized his restrained movement was due to something lying on top of him. He opened his eyes but was blinded as red hair was stuffed in his face.

He sputtered as he found it was also in his mouth. His light ruckus caused the person on top of him to stir. "Mmm, what?" Robin could hear a female voice groan.

"Huh!? What!?" The woman abruptly pushed herself up, it was at this point Robin realized that, aside from her stockings and gloves, the woman was lacking in any clothing. Even her hair had been let down. She looked so different without her pony tail. "Oh," she grunted as she realized what was going on. "Sorry, I'm so used to waking up in my own tent."

Her breasts dangled over Robin. He couldn't help but notice the lack of self consciousness she had towards him seeing her naked.

Anna.

"What's your name again?"

The woman looked at him with annoyance. "You dick," she scowled at him.

Robin rolled her eyes. There was no pleasing her. "Sorry I never caught it between you trying to kill or bang me," saying the sentence aloud really sounded strange to him. Such a turn of events to go from attempted murder to sex, great sex at that. The merchant was good, almost too good.

"Not that, dumbass," the woman exclaimed. "You got your gross, devil jizz all over me," she picked herself up and took off her entire top in disgust. Robin had pulled out but had little time to react, so it had all sprayed on her.

Her anger towards that made a little more sense. "It was either that or get you pregnant," he grumbled. Robin attempted to get up, the merchant had straddled him and sat in his stomach. "Then you'd have a devil baby."

"I'd rather die," she cross her arms and looked away, thought she didn't move from her position.

...

"Anna."

Robin looked at her with confusion. "My name is Anna," she told him, rubbing her arm. Robin let out a slight 'ah'. Now he had another name for her other than 'whore'. There was a moment of silence, Robin half expected her to get off him and leave. But she seemed to be thinking. Robin didn't think she was capable of something like that. Though she had made him her bitch, he realized he would have to stop underestimating her.

"Why are you here...?"

"Hm?" Robin responded, not quite hearing her the first time as she broke his train of thought.

"Why are you here?" She asked again. As she let down her hair and threw her clip to the ground, Robin realized she was not intending to leave any time soon. She looked weary, tired, and very naked. Robin did his best to maintain eye contact and not let his gaze wander elsewhere.

"Because I have to be," was his answer.

"That's Pegasus dung. 300 gold says Stahl is asleep outside. You could slip away whenever you wanted."

Robin was going to respond but stopped. He could sneak out fairly easily. The fort was by no means capable of outwitting him, surely he could slip away in the dark if he so pleased. As much as Chrom would like to believe he was on

lockdown, if Robin wanted to he could come up with a plan and be gone with the blink of an eye.

*He hadn't even realized it himself yet but he wanted to stay. Not because he cared about Chrom or the Shepherds or whatever. He really hated Plegia. He **really** hated Plegia.*

"You know what, don't answer that," Anna changed her mind. "You'd just lie anyways. You're probably just waiting to stab Chrom in his sleep."

Robin scoffed. "That's ironic coming from y-" He stopped and grunted as Anna twisted his nipples through his shirt. "Is it time for round two?" He quipped. He was surprised by Anna's lack of immediate response, as though she were considering his offer.

"No but... We should... Do it again sometime."

Robin was nothing short of surprised. He thought she hated him. Maybe she just had a kink for aggressive hate sex. For him he found her annoying but she was great at sex which he did like, so he wasn't going to turn down her offer.

"You should go," he told her.

Anna shook her head. "It's still too light outside," she muttered. "I don't want the others to see..."

Finally she showed a little shame towards her current nudity. Robin grunted with surprise as Anna lied down made herself comfortable in his bed. She planned to leave in a while, once it was dark outside. Robin grunted in annoyance. "This is ridiculous," he said. "You brought this upon yourself, I demand-" He stopped short as she grasped his still exposed flesh, gently rubbing it back and forth.

Maybe she could stay awhile

Well clearly "awhile" turn into all night. They say that after sharing sex, two people will form a connection, and after doing so releases some sort of cuddle hormone from the body. At least that was what Robin had read in a book once. So after "cuddling" for awhile, they must have fallen asleep.

"I need to... Open the shop..." Anna said tiredly. She slowly got up, Robin watched as she put on her pants and boots, enjoying the view as it lasted. After clipping in her bra, she looked at her top, now marked with 'devil jizz'. She cursed under her breath and looked around Robin's tiny tent, picking up the only article of clothing she could find, his tactician robe, in which he had tossed on the ground in the night. "I'll be needing this," she told him.

"Hey, stop right there," he stood up as she put it on, fastening it to cover her beasts.

"Oh hush, you got my top messy in the first place," she growled towards him.

An eye twitched as Robin scowled at her. "You're a headache and a half," he told her. She winked at him in response before grabbing her hair clip, beginning to put up her hair again as she checked to see if anyone was outside the tent. Finding the coast was clear from prying eyes, she took her leave.

Chrom massaged his scalp, trying to block out the un-ignorable rambling of Maribelle. She was once again giving Chrom a peace of her mind about how much danger he put Lissa in and blah blah blah "he's irresponsible" blah blah blah "who died and left him the Exalt?" Blah blah blah Lissa tries to calm her down but of course nothing stops Maribelle's mouth from running.

"Gods above, Maribelle!" He finally exclaimed. "You think I want Lissa out there? No! Of course not!" He slammed his fists against his desk, which got Maribelle's attention. "She's a big girl. She makes her own decisions. She wants to do this. But yes, why don't you waste more of my time with your childish tantrums while I have more important things to attend to!?"

...

Chrom took a deep breath. He knew he should have felt regret and apologized, but that felt really good. Both Lissa and Maribelle looked at him with surprise. The Exalt stood up. "Excuse me I'm going to go exert my anger on the first risen I find." As he left his tent with white knuckles, Frederick approached him. "Please give me good news."

Frederick bowed quickly. "Sir, you remember we meant to reach out to Ferox for an alliance, yes?" Chrom nodded, they needed to increase their numbers and Ferox had the soldiers they needed. "They beat us to it."

Ferox contacted them first? That was unusual. The country wasn't one to normally ask for any sort of help. "Well tell them I'll meet with Basilio or Flavia... Whoever is Khan now."

"Yes sir, but... You may be surprised by who's Khan now..."

Chrom looked surprised. "Who?"

"Darling… are you all right?"

Sumia stroked Cordelia's red hair from between her legs. Her lover looked up at her as she kissed between her thighs, causing Sumia to shudder. Though the queen could tell her subject wasn't quite as into the erotic moment they were sharing as she would have liked her to be. Chrom was gone on a journey to Ferox, so it was one of the few nights they'd spend the whole night together.

The redhead didn't respond though, and simply kept working her tongue to please Sumia. It had been a little awkward ever since Donnel had stumbled upon their little secret. Cordelia had of course explained the situation with Donnel, and that it sounded as though they were in the clear. This of course didn't make any encounters with the boy any less awkward. There was guilt before but now it was two fold. She was caught in the act, she was going to be judged.

Cordelia probably felt so even more. Now that Sumia thought about it she was feeling selfish. "W-would you…" she stammered, "Would you like me to…?" Cordelia looked up at her again, but nodded and picked herself up. Sumia was already beginning to miss the mouth work, but she took a deep breath as they repositioned themselves on her bed. Gods the silence Cordelia reeked was practically killing her.

Sumia knew she wasn't nearly as skilled with her mouth as she was with her fingers and she wanted to give Cordeila the best she could. Figuring she could multitask, she wrapped her lips around her lover's nipple as she began to slowly finger her. She attempted to use her free hand to work the other nipple, but quickly began to realize she was not nearly well coordinated to do all three at once. She cursed her clumsiness as she could feel her motions fall out of the sync.

She looked up at Cordelia to apologize but saw tears beginning to stream down her eyes. "C-Cordelia?" she asked. "I-I'm so sorry, am I hurting you?"

Cordelia bit her bottom lip and shook her head. "I don't know if I can keep doing this," Her voice cracked. She took a deep breath as she tried to contain herself. "What if we get caught again… and don't get as lucky…" She was about to break down.

"Hey, hey, shhh," Sumia crawled up to her. She cupped her cheek in her hand and wiped a tear away with her thumb. "It'll be okay… it'll be okay…" Cordelia buried her face her Sumia's breasts. The queen could feel the knight's hot tears on her skin. Sum wanted to cry herself, but she needed to be strong. Cordelia had always been there with welcoming arms to run to in her time of need. Cordelia had been her strength. Now it was time for Sumia to be her's.

With a kiss on the forehead, Sumia did her best to comfort Cordelia. "I love you," she said.

"I love you too."

"Why am I here," Robin really wasn't really one to ask questions, he simply demanded answers. He rode on the back of a horse along side Frederick. On the opposite side of Frederick, Chrom rode. Behind them, Donnel rode a horse whom was pulling a wagon of supplies. The farm boy had stayed quiet for most of the trip.

The tactician had been informed that the four of them would be taking a short journey. They had been traveling all day, and Robin didn't want to ask anything as to avoid initiating any form of conversation. But now the question was bugging him.

"To keep an eye on you, of course," Chrom laughed. Robin should have expected as much. "Don't know what trouble you'd get into while we're gone."

Frederick nodded in agreement. "Besides, sounds like the merchant has been giving you trouble," Chrom continued. "Here's your chance to keep your distance for a while."

Robin snorted in amusement, but scowled as he was reminded he lacked his robe. Chrom had of course asked about it's absence. Robin sensed the man was trying really hard to be his friend, which annoyed Robin to no end. But he figured that blasted merchant she had probably sold it off for a quick coin. He was going to have to buy a new one. Maybe he could use Chrom's desperate attempts of friendship to his advantage.

"How you doing back there, Donnel?" Chrom asked, looking back. The boy put on a toothy smile and gave him a thumbs up.

"This thing rides smoother than anything we got back on the farm," he said. Donnel was putting on a happy front, but he was hiding something. Robin could see it from a mile away. The boy fidgeted like he was keeping a secret. Robin spent years in a house of lies, he knew when things like this happened. Not that it did him much good. Robin didn't care about a farm boy's worries.

"M'lord, someone is approaching," Frederick spoke, nodding down the path. Robin couldn't see anything. Frederick had to be crazy. But as a few minutes passed, specks coming towards them could be seen in the distance.

Gods above was the man sharp. Robin could only thank his lucky stars he hadn't tried anything sinister. Frederick would have seen it from a mile away. There were few things that could get passed the man.

As the approaching group drew closer, Chrom shook his head in disbelief. "As I live and breathe…"

"Oy!" The leader shouted. "Long time, no seeing! Old friends make Gregor feel like new, younger man!"

"Who's that," Robin again didn't ask.

Chrom looked over at him, "Gregor, supreme Khan of Ferox."

Next: What if: Gregor had Defeated Basilio

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

What If: Gregor Had Defeated Basilio?

The dusk sky was beginning to darken as the sun slipped behind the horizon. On certain occasions, depending on the nightlife of a city, Anna would keep her shop open for the late night customers who might stumble in. But the fort the Shepherds were currently fortified in's social activity absolutely died at night. So there was never much reason to keep her shop open.

Tonight was a strange one though, as Anna normally was one who would want to continue working. But tonight she was not feeling any drive to work. It was puzzling to her, and as she closed up her store, she could only help what would put her in such a mood. Maybe she knew what it was and she simply was trying to trick herself into believing it wasn't true.

There was no doubt that it had to do with her night with Robin. It left a lot on her mind. Maybe she felt like a whore for her behavior and wished to forget about it. But that wasn't it. She knew it wasn't. It was darker. She didn't have any regret. In fact. she wanted more…

... that scared her.

Standing in front of her now locked up shop, she simply stared into space for several moments. The familiar jingle of her keys rattled in the air as she withdrew them again and unlocked the storage area to her shop. She relit the lamp and began to look around. She was looking for something that knew she had kept it around here somewhere. She would have remembered selling it. It was something she had had specially made back in the day. It always brought out unpleasant memories now, so she rarely used it but tonight she needed it.

"Ah," she said to herself. Awooden stick about seven inches long, two stones, and a tome. The objects went hand in hand and were practically useless without the other. She retrieved the two items and once again closed up the shop. Retreating to her tent that sat along side, she tossed the objects on her cot.

Stopping for a moment, Anna noticed they had fallen along side Robin's robe, which was lazily strewn upon her bed. She had meant to put that up for sale in her shop until someone bought it or Robin took it back. She was honestly surprised the tactician hadn't come by to get it.

Anna continued to think as she quietly undressed. It was unnerving how passive Robin was now. When he was the enemy he was aggressive and merciless. There was no way a person could change so fast, he had to of had an evil plan. All the while she thought this as she looked at the objects on her bed. She couldn't help but notice the lingering scent of the robe reminding her of Robin.

She shook her head and picked up the stick and the tome. Taking a deep breath, she opened the tome, and began to whisper the words on the pages. The stick began to shake.

Oh the memories…

Anna shook her head again and forced her mind to go blank. Sitting down on the bed, she placed the stick between her bare legs, letting it massage her skin and arouse her. She needed this. After the night before she needed this desperately. She hadn't had sex in quite some time and now, being reminded how great it was, she wanted more. But Robin wasn't around to be her bitch and she had no interesting in doing it was the other men.

There was a tinge of red glowing on her cheeks as she realized Robin was really the only one she was interested in sharing intercourse. Maybe it was because hate sex turned her on. She didn't know. Regardless she began to slip the stick inside her, gasping and biting her lower lip as it entered. She forgot the spell not only made if vibrate, but also made it warm. She carefully slid it in deeper, cursing under her breath as she got used to the object inside her.

The memories…

Looking at the tome and flipping a page, Anna chanted the words from it again and the stick began to shake more. "Nngg-!" she squealed, warm pants began to slip from her lips.

She slowly began to pull it out before pushing it in again, beginning a rhythmic motion back and forth pushing the stick inside her. She had needed this. Anna had needed this so badly. It was then though she remembered the two stones she had also pulled out which had also been affected by the spell and vibrated. Remembering what she used to do with them, she pulled the stick out and took the stones into her hands.

Memories…

One stone went into where the stick had been, though the magic of that was she could push it in enough that she didn't have to hold it. The other stone she held up to her clit. "G-gods," she couldn't help but stammer aloud. Her breath grew heavier has she took the stick and shoved it up her ass.

Anna wanted to cry. It had been a while and she was a little clumsier. It hurt… but it hurt so good. She bit her bottom lip and tears formed in her eyes as she worked her clit with the stone and her rear with the stick. Several minutes passed as she repeated the actions. Occasionally she'd move the stone to her nipples, but always found it back where it had start.

…!

The merchant couldn't remember the last time she had experienced a good orgasm. But when it happened she wanted could only remember how amazing it was. She cried out aloud, she could only pray that no one had hear or cared enough to check on her. After a few moments, her muscle spasms slowed down and she began to relax.

It was over. She was exhausted. Closing the tome stopped the stones and stick from vibrating, and she let them all fall to the ground, collapsing fully onto the bed.

Now she was cold, cold and alone. She looked at the robe that laid on the bed beside her. Slowly she reached out, holding it close as she wrapped her bare arms and legs around it.

It still held the familiar lingering scent.

Robin was cold. He missed his robe. He wanted it back. He was going to kill Anna for taking it. No, he wouldn't. Then who would be his sex partner? That was of course assuming something like that would ever happen again. Maybe he could bang Cordelia instead. No, he was pretty sure she was a lesbian. She was the only other one around with red hair though. Not that was a determining factor or anything…

… idiot.

Where was Chrom to be annoying and take his mind off things when he needed it? The Exalt had left them momentarily with Gregor when they reached the capital, and now they waited in a hallway for someone to tell them where to go. He didn't want to talk to Frederick, who was watching him like a hawk, and the farm boy had literally nothing to say. It was probably because Donnel was embarrassed by his silly accent. Robin knew he would be if he spoke as such.

Robin looked at the sound of a door opening. Abeautiful woman with pink hair and a dancer's outfit stood at the doorway, bowing slightly. "Y-you may enter now," she stammered.

Frederick nodded to her. "Thank you, Olivia," he responded. The dancer, Olivia, was quite pretty. She seemed very shy and delicate though, certainly not quite what Robin was into. Donnel, on the other hand as actually shaking in his boots at her presence. He bowed to the woman, forgetting the pot on his head. At the tip of his head it fell off and hit the ground with a clang.

"G-golly! I a-ap-a-" Donnel stammered as he tried to think of a word.

"Apologize," Frederick murmured as he walked by.

"Apologize, yeah," Donnel said his face so red even Robin was embarrassed for him.

"I-here-let me-" Olivia tried to say as she reached down and picked it up for Donnel. "Do-do you wear this is a helmet?"

Donnel laughed at the absurdity. "Golly, that'd be darn silly wouldn't it?"

"He does," Robin said flatly as he followed after Frederick. Donnel became even more embarrassed, but Olivia only smiled, brushing it off with her hand and placing it back on Donnel's head.

"You look very nice with it," she said, though her face immediately turned red upon saying that. "I-I mean-!"

Donnel bowed again, this time careful to be sure his pot stayed on. "Th-thank you, miss!" and with that he ran after Robin and Frederick. He slowed down behind them, a blush still staining his face. Robin could only think how painfully awkward that was to listen to. At least he had other things on his mind now.

The three stopped to find Chrom and Gregor on either end of a large dinner table, which as covered with food. "Gentleman, Gregor has kindly offered an invitation to this wonderful feast you see before you.

Eyes darting everywhere, Donnel's blush was quickly gone, looking at all the meat and vegetables that had been prepared. "G-golly, I ain't see anything like this on the farm," he stammered.

"Donnel, keep your drool to yourself," Frederick scolded. The farm boy was quick to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand. "We're among royalty."

"Heh! Hardly! Everyone friend here!" Gregor said merrily. Something certainly had him in a good mood. "Donnel was fine ally to Gregor back in day!"

As Donnel turned his gaze to the ground bashfully, Gregor turned his attention to Robin. "Gregor seeing new face here." Chrom and Frederick exchanged glances

"This is Robin," Chrom began to explain, Frederick's eyes were like daggers tearing through Robin's body as he didn't bother to bow. "He's our tactician and newest member of the team."

Gregor gave Robin a toothy grin. "Heh, Gregor never one more much thinking, always like making with the killing," he told him as everyone took their seats. Donnel looked about ready to inhale everything on the table. "Is strange though, Gregor thinking Robin's face is familiar, no?"

Chrom held his breath.

…

"Eh, no matter, we eat yes? Entertainment should be out soon," Gregor shrugged it off, opening his arms wide as an invitation. He grabbed his glass and tapped it with his spoon, as if to signal someone. Chrom breathed a sigh of relief. A few moments later, Olivia stepped out into the dining room. She stood still for several seconds, blushing profusely.

…

Frederick was the first to speak "Does she-?"

"Give her moment," Gregor insisted, as he sipped some beer. "Olivia make lovely dancer, she only bashful." This caused the other's to look away, knowing it might only embarrass her more. Soon she took a deep breath and began to twirl. Donnel watched with interest as the woman seemed to glide across the floor. Each and every movement was graceful and elegant.

"So, Khan of Ferox?" Chrom asked, finally addressing the elephant in the room.

Gregor nodded, though he continued to watch his dancer perform. "Oy," he responded, taking another sip of his drink. "Long time ago, Gregor challenge Basilio to match in Arena for position. He lose. Gregor young and foolish back then." He let out a laugh as though the thought was funny. "But year ago Gregor challenge again, and this time, with his great wisdom, Gregor win."

Frederick's brow furrowed. "And Basilio gave up his position like that?"

Gregor nodded. "Oy, was big event in big arena, be shameful to go back on word," he said, waving his knife in the air. "But no worrying, Basilio live in comfy retirement."

"And now you're ruling Khan, over Flavia," Chrom interrogated.

With another nod, Gregor smiled. "Yes, this Marth lady you meeting before is very skilled fighter, she Gregor's champion."

The Marth lady, of course was the elusive and mysterious female who wielded a sword exactly like Chrom's. She had previously fought Chrom in the Ferox arena and later assisted in preventing Emmeryn's assassination. "Is she here?" Chrom asked. "I would like to speak with her."

The conversation was interrupted as Gregor applauded a now panting Olivia, who was taking a bow. "Bravo, is lovely as always," he praised her. Olivia smiled sheepishly at Gregor's words before taking a final bow and turning to leave.

"Golly, she ain't even gonna eat with us?" Donnel asked, looking up and down the table.

"She's merely entertainment, Donnel," Frederick informed him. "They do not normally eat at the table with their audience."

"I'm just a farm boy and here I am," Donnel responded, he looked towards Gregor for his response, but the man was already distracted as Chrom was asking about the Marth character again.

"Oy, Gregor see if she come for visit," he assured the Exalt. Robin watched quietly as Donnel stacked up food on his plate before standing up and following after the girl, carefully keeping the plate steady. Frederick smiled gently as he watched the boy leave.

"He has a kind soul," he said as he cut into some meat.

Robin scoffed. "He's a goody goody," he retorted. "His kindness will get him killed one day."

Frederick shook his head. "Donnel may not look like much now, but I can guarantee you that someday he'll be the strongest and greatest of us all."

Olivia found herself on the steps of the castle, her gaze distant as she stared into the stars. There was something about seeing the stars after a performance that calmed her. When she danced she was the spotlight. The world revolved around her and it was always so embarrassing. The stars were there to remind her how small she was. It wasn't necessarily that she needed a humbling experience, but rather a reminder that there was a much bigger picture than any embarrassing performance she would ever have.

"Howdy?"

Olivia jumped, a high pitched "Eep!" accompanying her scare. She turned around to find a farm boy from before was standing on the step just above her, and he had a large plate in his hands.

"M-mind if I sit with you?" he stuttered, the plate shaking in his hands. Olivia blushed and nodded. "I uh… I have all this food… and Ma would yap m'ear off if I ate it all by m'self."

The girl smiled. Gregor always made sure that there was food for her to eat in the kitchen after a performance. But the boy was very kind to offer. Besides she normally wouldn't have to the chance to eat it this fresh. "You're very sweet," she took a roll from the plate. "I never got your name?"

The boy smiled brightly. "D-Donnel, but m'friends call me Donny," he said. He couldn't help but notice how cute she was as she held the roll in two hands and took small bite out of it. The way she looked at him made Donnel feel like every word he had to say was interesting to her.

"Donny's a cute name," she giggled slightly. "I hope you wouldn't mind me calling you that."

Donnel's grin could only grow wider. "Naw, you can call me whatever you like." The two sat in silence for a few minutes, continuing to nibble on the food Donnel had brought out. As the silence grew more present Olivia spoke. "So… you really do wear the pot on your head?" she asked, eyeing it as it sat on his forehead.

Blushing in embarrassment, Donnel nodded in defeat. "Y-yeah," he muttered. "Saved m'life a time er two."

Agentle smile appearance on the dancer's face. "You're not normally a fighter," she guessed. "You're so…"

"Weak?" Donald's gaze turned to the ground.

"No!" Olivia put her hands up, waving them in front of her frantically. "I-I was going to say innocent." She looked away in the opposite direction of Donnel. "You're the gentle type, you don't want to hurt anybody."

The skin on his knuckles turned what as Donnel clenched his fists. "It's cus I'm scared and feeble," he gritted his teeth. "Everyone else gets the job done and I stand around uselessly."

"Aww... don't say that," Olivia told him, placing a hand on his shoulder. Donnel could only wish it would stay there forever. "Life is… so beautiful." She clenched her own fist and held his to her heart. "It's such a beautiful thing to be so easily taken away by the edge of a sword."

Gods she was precious. Donnel would fight the entire world to protect her. "There's so much war going on right now with Ferox and it makes me sick," she smiled at Donnel. "It's nice to see someone who isn't so anxious to kill their next enemy."

Donnel's brow furrow. "Wait a sec, did you say Ferox is at war?"

"So I'm sure Frederick is just dying to know if we came to an agreement about an alliance," Chrom teased. Frederick rolled his eyes to this but didn't say a word. "Gregor shall I tell them what is happening?"

"Oy!" Gregor agreed, holding his drink to the air.

"The situation of forming an alliance is a little more complicated than we would like," Chrom began, intertwining his fingers and setting his hands on the table. "We will form an alliance with Ferox against Plegia, but Ferox is experiencing some problems themselves."

Robin couldn't be surprised. Ferox was a barbaric land full of people who literally lived to fight or watch other's fight. "Ferox having trouble with Rosanne," Gregor explained. "Recently they attack trade ships and hold Gregor's men hostage."

"Rosanne?" Frederick asked, dabbing his face with a handkerchief. "Is this not the dukedom of Virion?"

Gregor nodded to that. "Oy, Virion send message saying he trade men for Gregor," he explained. "He not taking much liking of Gregor.'

"That's rather strange," Frederick thought to himself aloud. "What could he possibly want you for?"

The man shrugged in response. "Gregor not sure, but he not going to beg."

"Roseanne is such a small country," Robin spoke up, he looked rather puzzled. "You have all the attack power you need, so why do you need us?"

The Khan of Ferox shuddered. "Looming presence of Valm," he answered. "Ferox strong, but Walhart and army stronger."

Chrom took this time to chime in. "We don't actually have proof that the alliance Valm exists, but it would be foolish of Virion to make threats without them."

Frederich cleared his throat. "But if they are this could be a very long war and would leave us weakened and at the mercy of Plegia," he noted.

Chrom smiled. "Well the plan isn't to use the army," he began. "Rather than brute force, we get into Rosanne with a small party and negotiate with Virion."

"By negotiate you mean kill him," Robin said, giving Chrom a knowing look.

The man shrugged his shoulders, drumming his fingers on the table. "We certainly hope not."

Next: What If: Secrets Were Spilled

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

What If: Secrets Were Spilled

"What in *hik* tarnation? I ain't sheen nothin' like this back on the *hic* farm!" Donnel's voice was strange and slurred, he drunkenly held a glass of ale to his face, squinting as if to inspect it carefully. He let out a hiccup, disrupting his focus.

Olivia giggled, she sat across from him at a small table, though not quite as drunk. The alcohol hadn't hit her as hard as it had Donnel yet, but it certainly made her feel a bit bolder than usual. "You wear a pot *hic* to protect your head," she snorted, blinking a few times as if to get a grip. "That's so adorable…"

"Yer adorable," Donnel muttered before taking another swig of his drink. "'bout as 'dorable as m' ma's puppy." Though Donnel was too out of it to care what he was saying, Olivia couldn't help but notice, and placed her hands on her cheeks with a smile.

"That's the sweetest *hic* thing I've heard all day," she said before taking a drink.

"Wow, that hit them fast," Chrom commented. He, Frederick, and Gregor all sat at their own table. They couldn't make out what the two were saying, but it was clear that Donnel and Olivia's minds were a little fogged. Robin sat across the bar by himself, drinking alone and quite enjoying the time by himself.

"Oy, Gregor never seeing Olivia like this," Gregor observed. "Ale do magical things." The man had originally invited his visitors to join him at his favorite bar that night. He knew that Olivia wasn't much of a drinker, but Donnel had somehow convinced her to tag along, and now seeing her drink was a sight to see. "Gregor worry though," he admitted. "He keeping close eye on Olivia making sure she okay."

Chrom tilted his head in confusion. "You seem to care a lot for her, considering she is simply your entertainer," he mentioned.

Gregor moved his glass in a small circle, causing his ale to swish back and forth. "Olivia having troubling past, maybe even more so than Gregor," the khan explained quietly, he continued to watch as Olivia and Donnel talked and laughed. "Gregor give Olivia second chance in life. He offer her warm bed, good food, in exchange that she dance for him."

Chrom and Frederick exchanged glances. "Could she not find work?" Frederick asked. "She's quite beautiful, and a skilled dancer at that."

"Hey," Donnel muttered, leaning in as if to tell a secret. "You're *hic* not gonna believe this but…" he looked around the room as if to make sure no one was listening, as if anyone could hear him over the sound of the busy bar. "… The queen's *hic* cheatin on poor Chrom over there."

Olivia gasped, she almost fell out of her seat as she struggled to keep her balance. "No way…"

Donnel nodded as if he were just as shock as she was. "Yeah, with a*hic*-nother woman," his filter was all but gone. He had no regard for what he was saying.

The dancer leaned in closer to him as well. "Does anyone *hic* else know?" she asked quietly, clearly getting more drunk.

"Naw, it's a sec-*hic*-ret to everyone," Donnel replied as he shook his head a little too much, almost shaking off his pot.

Olivia leaned in a little closer. She slowly took his hand into her's. "I have a little secret too," she murmured to him, gently rubbing her thumb against his palm. "I don't tell anyone, but I'll *hic* tell you because I like you…"

"Gregor just say Olivia using her dancing for different reasons." Gregor began, a slight glaze over his eyes signaled his mind was drifting elsewhere. "Gregor find her one day, she beaten, bloody, and crying. Gregor cannot stand to see beautiful woman crying."

The man made a motion as if he were holding something large in his arms. "Gregor scoop her up and take her to Gregor's home. At first, Olivia struggle and resist. She afraid of Gregor for some reasons," he told Frederick and Chrom, both who seemed quite interested in his story. "Gregor having servants nurse her, which calm her down."

The man took a deep breath, running a hand through his hair. "Poor Olivia thinking Gregor going to do terrible things to

her, that Gregor want to hurt her more," he explained.

"How'd she end up like that in the first place?" Chrom asked.

Gregor leaned in, not wanting to speak up too loudly. "Olivia use to be prostitute."

SCREECH

The three men looked over to see Donnel had stood up from his seat so abruptly he had knocked it over, looking down at Olivia with surprise. "D-Donny! Wait!" Olivia called out as Donnel rushed and stumbled out of the bar. She quickly picked herself up and followed after him. She stepped outside the bar just in time to see the drunken farmer boy stumbling about in the crowds of people that were walking the streets. He fell over on his butt as the dancer hurried over to him.

"Come on," she grunted as she dragged Donnel out of the street. He was fairly light, so while still difficult, she found herself strong enough to do pull him back to the bar. She propped him up against the wall outside, sitting down next to him. She didn't know what to say. She wanted to kick herself. Donnel was the first outsider to show her kindness, and now he would never her see her the same again. She didn't know what he thought of her before but surely now all she was to him was a slut and a skank.

If only she had kept her mouth shut.

"Such a… sweet girl," Donnel muttered in a slurred voice, he looked about ready to doze off. "Too sweet to… let any man touch her…" The boy slumped sideways as he fell asleep, leaning against Olivia and resting a head on her shoulder. She smiled gently and took the pot off his head, stroking his hair as he slipped into unconsciousness.

Unlike Donnel, Robin was quite familiar with the taste of ale. It was not uncommon for him to go get himself drunk when he was back in Plegia. It was his way of coping with living in such a place, dealing with insane kings and the responsibility of being their strategist. It reminded him of a pleasant time as well.

"Master!" Robin could hear a voice filled with surprise as he pushed open a door. It was one of many in a long hallway, but he could sense the presence on the other side that he couldn't mistake as anyone else.

"Tharja?" He asked anyway, as if to be surprised that he had found her. He had always known she was here, but never dared come near.

He almost lost his balance as a black haired mage tackled him into an embrace. "It's been so long…" she said. "I thought they had killed you."

Robin shushed her with his lips, pressing them against her's. It had been months since he had seen Tharja. Gangrel had forbid him to see her, and was always keeping a watchful eye over him.

"Robin… your breath is… have you been drinking?" Tharja asked as they parted. She could taste the ale fresh off his lips.

The tactician shrugged. "Not much…" he told her quietly. "I'm not drunk but… feeling a little daring." He had a sly grin on his face. Normally common sense would tell him to keep away, to keep them both safe, but not tonight. Tonight he was going to spend with her.

"How are you? After… you know…" Tharja began to ask, not wanting to open up old scars. The last time she had seen him… it wasn't pretty.

…

"Broken."

Gangrel had taken everything from him. Normally Robin would be strong, he would fight, but the mad king had his ways. He was clever and effective, Robin had little choice but to bend to his will.

"Master…" she whispered. She grabbed his head and pulled his lips to her's. She had reminded him of sins past and there were only a few ways to drowned it out. So she went with passion and pulled him further into the room. She squealed as the man, rather grabbing her head to deepen the kiss, cupped her breasts in his palms and began to gently massage them. "M-Master—!" she squeaked as new sensations shot through her body. Gods this was arousing.

"Mmmm daring…" he murmured. Tharja wasn't too fond of the taste of alcohol but licking it from Robin's lips wasn't that

bad. Suddenly she felt a rough squeeze and as Robin's fingers dug into her. In retaliation she pressed her lips to his harder and let her tongue slither out between them. One of the man's hands let go of her and went to work on her rear instead. Tharja's hips began to sway in a rhythmic movement.

Robin tried to say something, but it only came out as muffled grunts as it's mouth was filled with Tharja's tongue. Not wanting to let the passion dissipate, the woman never broke or stop to give him a moment. She jumped a little when the hand still fondling her boob let go and Robin began to toy with the skin between her legs. So that's what he wanted to say.

With other new sensation shooting through her body and shivers running down her spine, Tharja had to break the kiss as she took in a trembling breath. For moment Robin looked at her with concern. "D-don't stop," she assured him. His fingers continued to work as the rough fabric she wore rubbed against her wet skin. She gasped as he entered her, his fingers shoving the fabric of her tights into her lubricated folds. Her eyes watered and she gritted her teeth, she had never felt this good before.

As she gazed downward she couldn't help but notice the bulge in the man's pants. Robin noticed this and blushed with embarrassment. Tharja smiled slyly and took hold of his wrist, stopping it from doing the magic it had before. The dark mage got on her knees, and slowly pulled the man's pants down. For a moment he almost stopped her, but now she was feeling daring.

Now she was hungry, and took the inches into her mouth. Robin grunted and cursed as Tharja could already feel him twitching in her mouth. She moved slowly, not wanting him to burst too soon. Besides this was just lubrication for what was to come. She pressed forward, slurping and wrapping her tongue around him. It was so warm and twitched as if asking for more. Tharja hummed a little as she felt Robin place both his hands on her head, and began to rock her head forward and back. Slowly the rhythm of movement became faster and faster.

"MMMPH!" Tharja grunted as Robin shoved her head a close as possible. She coughed and gagged as his flesh went into her throat. He held her there for a moment before letting her go. She fell backwards onto her back, coughing and gasping. Robin watched for a moment as her stomach rose and fell with every delicate breath.

"Are you…?"

"I'm fine, Master," she told him. Robin watched as she slowly spread her legs before him. She delicately used one hand to hold up her lion cloth, her folds exposed to Robin through the transparent fabric of her tights, which were moist and dripping. Robin didn't waste anytime, and easily tore through the light fabric and made an entrance from himself before roughing shoving into Tharja.

The woman yelped, but quickly covered her mouth. Robin looked down and saw blood leaking from her. This was her first time.

"Ke-keep going… Master…" she huffed through the pain. Robin began to gently rock his hips back and forth, after all the roughness he determined it was time to be a little more gentle. He placed his hands on either sides of her hips and slowly pumped into her. He didn't want to finish too soon either.

Tharja wrapped her legs around her lover as to make sure he had no escape. "Faster," she murmured. Robin picked up the pace causing her throw her head back as she continued to pant. It was a little rough on the hard floor but Tharja didn't want to complain.

Robin could feel the session coming to a close as he felt like he was about ready to finish. "Tharja I'm about to-" but the woman only wrapped her legs around him tighter. The sly look in her eyes said she wasn't going to let him go.

"Hnng-!" Robin and Tharja both grunted as the man came into her. Tharja let him go and the man collapsed beside her. The woman cupped the man's face in her hands and smiled.

"I love you."

Robin's glass shattered, he had slammed it against the counter too hard. "Shit," he grunted. The shattered glass made a few cuts on his hands.

The bartender approached him. "Hey, buddy, I hope you plan on paying for tha-" he was cut short as a bloody hand wrapped around his neck.

"Gods! Robin! Calm down!" Chrom had gotten up from his table with Frederick and Gregor and hurried over to Robin. The man let go of the bartender, who coughed and hacked for a few moments as Chrom dropped a few coins on the

counter. "We're leaving."

Damn the man was strong. Chrom grabbed Robin's shirt and pulled him from the bar, Frederick and Gregor not far behind. "What the hell is your problem?" Chrom asked him as he let go of the clothes roughly. Robin could see Donnel passed out next to the bar, leaning against Olivia. "We've taken you in with welcoming arms and you've shown nothing but disrespect."

"You didn't welcome me with open arms. You took me in because I can give you a tactical advantage," Robin grumbled back, fixing his shirt and being subtly reminded that he missed his robe. "My entire time here has been met with hostility, especially from ann-er-the merchant. So don't give me shit about welcoming arms."

…

Donnel suddenly woke up, he looked around a little before bending over and throwing up on the sidewalk. "Oh gods…" the farm boy moaned. Frederick went over to Donnel, picking the small, partially conscious boy up and throwing him over his shoulder.

"We should be heading back," Gregor said, looking up at the night sky. "It getting late." When no one objected, Gregor began to make his way home, the other following close behind. The group was mostly quiet other than the occasional groans from Donnel.

But as they approached Gregor's castle Chrom broke the silence. "I'd like to meet your champion sometime soon, if possible,' he said.

The other man grinned and gave him a thumbs up. "Oy, Gregor fetch her," he turned to a guard standing nearby. "Go fetch Marth." he murmured quietly. The guard bowed and strutted away.

Chrom turned to Frederick and Robin. "We need to decide who will be taking to meet with Virion, which I'm leaving up to you, Robin," he said, pointing a finger to the tactician. "Frederick, once the decisions have been made. I want you to return to camp and bring them here."

Frederick bowed slightly and nodded. "As you wish, my lord," he said. "Shall I take Robin with me?"

Chrom shook his head. "No I'd like to teach him a thing or two about welcoming arms." Robin rolled his eyes to Chrom's comment.

"If you wish, my lord," Frederick said again, though he gave Robin a suspicious look. "I just beg you to be careful. He was the enemy before, after all."

Next: What If: Maribelle Was a Sadist?

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

What If: Maribelle Was a Sadist?

Some of you might have noticed there's a censored, T-rated version of this story up, but don't worry. I'm still updating this as I catch the censored version up.

Clang

Robin stumbled a bit, damn Chrom was stronger than he had thought. The exalt had insisted that they spar together, Robin could only think of how much Frederick wouldn't approve of this situation. Perhaps Chrom was trying to make a point of his trust towards Robin, or maybe he was just a moron, Robin wasn't really sure.

Clang

Either way Robin had no intention of killing Chrom, that would only hinder his chances of getting back at the mad king of Plegia for taking what should have been his.

Clang

Now Robin was getting frustrated, his sword had almost been knocked straight from his hand. He let out a growl before whipping out a tome. He knew it was cheating but he didn't care much at the moment. He might even teach Chrom a lesson of-

Robin yelped in surprise as something swiped at his legs, knocking him to his seat. His sword fell from his hand and his head hit the ground with a thud. Letting out a groan he blocked the blinding sun with his arm to see Gregor stood over him with a sword pointing at his neck. "Is cheating," he murmured.

What the hell? The old geezer is just as sharp as Frederick, Robin thought to himself as he pushed Gregor's blade away from his neck. "You didn't tell me this was a two versus one," the tactician grumbled grumpily as he stood up.

"You didn't tell me anything about tomes," Chrom said in response as he sheathed his sword. Robin dusted himself off and shook his head.

"People use both all the time," he grumbled. "You better be ready for that."

"People attack in pairs all the time," Chrom laughed as he walked away with Gregor. "You better be ready for that." Robin was unamused. Chrom was just asking for a backstabbing. But Robin sheathed his sword and followed after them.

"Any word of Marth?" Chrom asked. Gregor's champion had never shown up upon the man's request.

The older man scratched his head. "Is strange, Gregor hearing nothing. Marth knowing we have special guest."

Letting out a slight sigh of disappointment, Chrom smiled wearily. "I never properly thanked her for rescuing Lissa or Emmeryn back in the day."

"Oy, must be hard being away from family like this," Gregor told Chrom. "Must be anxious to see wife and sister again."

Chrom smiled fondly at the thought of his family. "Indeed, I'll be happy to see them. Even these few short days have felt like so long," he told his friend. "I wonder what they must be up to."

Lissa jumped slightly at the sound of a cracking whip, though she couldn't move much at all. The sound was just as startling as it was arousing. Her skin trembled with goosebumps as a fabric delicately brushed against her lower, sensitive folds.

"Ah!" Lissa shouted, there was another crack of a whip, but this time an arousing pain shot through her side as it struck her. "Ah! AH!" Her shouts filled the room as she took another lashing. She bit her bottom lip and squirmed about, the little that she could.

She was naked, lying in a bed with her arms and legs spread out in an X formation, each limb tied to a different corner of the bed she lied across. Her eyes watered. She watched helplessly as the whip cracked against her skin again. "Ahh,"

she blinked several times, preventing any tears.

"Darling," a familiar, feminine voice murmured. "You know how protective I am of my dear Lissa. I can't stand the sight of anyone hurting you." The person stepped closer. It was a naked Maribelle with a strap on tied around her waist. She slapped the handle of her whip against her palm. "Why is that, sweetheart?"

Lissa clamped her eyes shut. "B-b-because," her voice quivered. "Because you're the only one allowed to."

She yelped as the whip struck her again. "That's right, my darling little slave," Maribelle said, climbing onto the bed and straddling Lissa. Their lips met and the noble kissed the princess aggressively. Her fingernails dug into her captive's shoulders as she kissed. She had to be careful not to leave marks that Lissa's clothing wouldn't later cover. She could feel Lissa's hot tears as she aggressively pressed her lips harder and harder.

She wanted to tease her.

Maribelle's fingers, no longer clawing Lissa's shoulders, traveled lower down the blonde's body. She withdrew her lips from Lissa and began to kiss her neck. She worked her way down, delicately stroking her tongue down Lissa's stomach before slowly kissing her folds. Maribelle was careful not to enter, as tempting as that may be.

"Gods, Maribelle," Lissa sounded a little annoyed, just what the noble had wanted. "You're being awfully gentle tonight." But the princesses cries said otherwise as the whip cracked against her skin. Maribelle loved that sound, while at the same time it concerned her. She always worried she might get carried away and go too far. Lissa would always tell her to stop if the pain was too much, but the princess trusted her mistress to keep the experience pleasant for them both. And as time went on she had become stronger, and willing to take more punishment.

She *wanted* to take more punishment.

"Aslave does not speak unless spoken to," Maribelle said, she shoved the dildo attach to her strap on into Lissa's mouth to shut her up. She didn't get much pleasure out of the experience other than the sounds of Lissa's gags: a sound she lived to hear. Besides, the dildo needed lubrication.

Maribelle pumped the dildo in and out of Lissa's mouth, the other girl's eyes were wide and rolled up as her mistress pumped faster and faster. Lissa had become quite good at taking it deep after so many sessions. So she finally withdrew from Lissa's mouth. The tied down girl coughed and gagged as a string of saliva still connected her mouth to the dildo. Both girls were breathing heavily. Maribelle could tell Lissa was getting used to this routine. Next time she would have to try something new to catch her pigtailed slave off guard.

But for tonight, Maribelle already could tell what Lissa wanted. Though the princess panted with exhaustion, she waited anxiously for the now lubricated dildo to enter her. And in the long run, though the foreplay and the torture was so much fun, Maribelle always wanted to give Lissa what she wanted.

There was no warning, no gentle entrance, nor a slow start. In a flash Maribelle positioned herself between Lissa's legs and shoved the dildo into her, pumping into her as fast of she could. She swung her whip and struck Lissa, causing the girl's screams to once again fill the room.

"Faster! Faster!" Lissa shouted, her back arching and legs squirming, squeezing Maribelle hips as they moved back and forth. Maribelle could tell she was a second into an orgasm, only causing the girl to want to pump faster. The noble found herself working a little harder to get that "fucked silly" face she so desired from her dear Lissa. The pigtailed princess bit her bottom lip and her legs, still tied, continued to squeeze Maribelle as much as she could. That was a new record.

"Cum for me!" Maribelle exclaimed, she dropped her whip and took fist full of Lissa's breasts. "Cum for me!" It was taking the princess longer than usual. Maribelle was definitely going to have to learn some new tricks. But a few short moments later, Lissa exclaimed she was cumming, and Maribelle withdrew as her princess began to gush. She as quick to take her lips to the girl's fold's once again as the honey sweet juices squirted into her mouth. She swallowed a little before she made her way up to her lover's lips and shoved her tongue into the captive's mouth. They were both exhausted and messy. As they kissed, Maribelle felt her hands up one of Lissa's arms and undid her bonds. Lissa's now free hand was quick to cup Maribelle's cheek as the noble undid her other hand.

And that marked the end of their session, though Maribelle was tired and ready to rest. She quickly undid the restraints holding Lissa's legs and removed her strap on before joining her lover in bed. "That was nice," Lissa whispered, her lips curved into a smile.

Maribelle kissed her again before holding her closer. "It was," she agreed, though she couldn't help but notice she was more exhausted than usual.

Definitely needed to learn some new tricks.

"Yowzers," was the first groan that escaped Donnel as he woke up to the worst headache. "What in tarnation? I ain't felt nothin' like this back on the farm…"

"We call it a hangover."

Donnel jumped a little, his eyes quickly locked on someone sitting next to where he lay. Though his vision was blurry at first, he could tell it was Olivia.

"G-golly, Olivia," he stammered, propping himself up into a sitting position. "I hope you weren't sittin there all night."

The girl smiled gently and shook her head. "No, I woke up a little bit ago, but I wanted to be here when you woke up," she told him. She watched him carefully, slightly worried for him after his first time drinking, and also curious to know how much he remembered from the previous night.

Donnel vision cleared, though the pain didn't go away. He could see Olivia was no longer in her dancing outfit as she had been yesterday. She wore what seemed to be a sleeping gown and her hair was a bit messier. It was as if she had come straight from bed to come see him.

Olivia suddenly blushed, looking down at her current attire. "O-oh!" She covered her face with her hands. "I'm sorry I'm not very presentable! I just was-"

She was cut short as Donnel took his hand into hers. He shook his head and smiled at her. "Naw, you look just fine in them," he said as he gently rubbed her palm with his thumb. "You could look fine in anything really."

"I used to be a prostitute."

Donnel let go of her hand, his own falling limp onto the bed. Memories of the previous night flooded his mind, but that moment in particular rang the loudest in his head.

"Donny, I-" Olivia tried to say, she could tell what was going on from the look on the boy's face. She could see the disappointment. She quickly stood up and began to quickly began to make her way out of the room.

"Olivia, wait!" Donnel quickly got of bed and stood to his feet, but his legs gave out under him and he fell to the floor. The dancer gasped and hurried over to him, worried he might have hurt himself.

"Are you alright?" She asked him, helping him into a sitting position.

The boy nodded, blinking a few times. "G-golly… I didn't mean to-… I just," Donnel couldn't figure out what exactly he was trying to say. "Please don't go…"

Dumbstruck, Olivia silently nodded and sat down next to him, they both leaned against his bed. "When ya told me 'bout your… uh… past," Donnel began to explain, he occasionally glanced at the girl next to him, who's gaze was locked on the floor. He could tell she was ashamed and embarrassed "I was probably thinkin' a little too hard."

Water began to fill up in Olivia's eyes. Donnel let out a sigh and ran his hand through his hair. "It's just… you're like an angel… and…"

and I'm actually I slut, Olivia thought to herself.

"And I just couldn't process the all the terrible things that must'a happened to you," Donnel continued. The pink haired woman finally looked at him, surprise written on her face. "That any ol' fella could just do what they wanted to you…"

He looked back over at her when she sniffed. "Hey, no, please don't cry," he begged. "I just-" She threw her arms around him, burying her face in the crook of his neck. No one other than Gregor had ever said such kind words to her before. Donnel was a bit unsure what to do in the situation, he would have been enjoying the embrace of the beautiful woman much more if he hadn't had such a terrible headache. He smiled slightly and kissed her forehead. To his surprise the dancer took this as an invitation to grab him and kiss him on the lips. In his surprise and with her weight, Donnel fell to the floor with the dancer on top of him.

Olivia could still taste the alcohol on his lips, but she didn't much mind. The boy didn't seem to be very responsive so she kissed him harder, grabbing his head in her hands her instincts from the old days were kicking in. She knew how to please a man, she had been taught by the best.

The kiss was broken for a moment as the two looked each other in the eyes. "So uh... I reckon you like me?" Donnel asked. "Cus I certainly like you…"

Olivia smiled and continued to kiss him. She was a bit rusty but Donnel seemed easy to please. She wanted him to be pleased and for once it wasn't just for a bigger tip. Her lips curled into a slight smile as she finally felt Donnel returning her kisses, giving her more to work with. She took her hands from his head and ran them up and down the his torso. He was inexperienced but she found that sort of cute, he was so innocent and-

They parted lips and Olivia looked at him. Donnel could tell something was clearly wrong. "Olivia?" he asked.

What was I about to do to this poor boy? Olivia thought, she had sort of kicked into autopilot. If the customer hadn't already begun to undress her at that point this was certainly when she'd start to undress them. "I-I'm sorry," she began to scramble away a little. "I sort of lost myself there and-"

Donnel slowly crawled towards her. He could tell she wasn't afraid of him, so he slowly took her hand, intertwining his fingers between hers. "What's wrong?" he questioned her quietly.

The dancer looked at their hands for a moment before closing her fingers around his hands. "You're such a sweet boy, Donny," she spoke quietly, squeezing his hand tighter. "I would… probably just corrupt you."

Squeezing her hand in return, Donnel shook his head. "I-if that's what it takes for us to be together," he stammered, a tint of red staining his cheeks. "Then corrupt me."

Olivia looked at him with wide eyes, now unsure what to do. Closed her eyes and leaned towards him to kiss him again but was stopped when his index finger pressed against her lips. "But let me earn it."

She opened her eyes to see Donnel struggling to maintain eye contact. His eyes would occasionally dart about in other directions. Olivia couldn't tell if he was trying to be sweet or if he just wasn't ready. Her eyes began to water before she threw her arms around him.

"Thank you."

Robin found himself alone outside of Gregor's fort, finally finding peace away from Chrom's seemingly nonstop rambling. He couldn't help but notice the cold wind tickling his skin and wishing he had his damn robe for the hundredth time. He should have never let Anna-er-the merchant take it.

He sneezed, rubbing his arms he began to make his way into town. He was finally fed up of not having his warm robe and had Chrom give him some gold to buy a new one. The exalt was of course annoyingly happy to help his new best buddy out and gave Robin enough gold to buy ten robes. The tactician noted to himself to keep tabs on Chrom's spending habits as to not let the army go broke.

He sneezed again. How did the dancer go about her day dressed so bare without freezing to death? Robin sniffed and picked up his pace towards the town. Gregor had mentioned a shop, run by some old hag who's name Robin already had forgotten, that might have some warmer wears for him. He almost suspected the khan was messing with him. Like anyone in Ferox had time to do anything other than kill each other. It was a wonder the country hadn't fallen apart. Robin could only think how Ferox would be good territory to claim after they finished themselves off.

"Ah-choo!"

If only it wasn't so damn cold.

Robin began to look about for signs of the shop as he entered the town. The town was surprisingly active, Robin found himself weaving through people on the streets.

Suddenly, there was the undeniable sound of a sword being unsheathed. It sounded identical to Chrom. There was also the patter of rushing footsteps coming at him. Robin spun around just in time to see the gleam of a sword coming at him, barely cutting into his right arm.

"Ack," The tactician staggered to the ground, Looking up he saw a masked person swinging a sword down towards his head.

Clang

The sword bounced away from him as it clashed against another. A foot planted itself into the swordsman and sent him

flying backwards and onto the ground. The wind was knocked out of him but only for a moment. Robin looked as a hand quickly was held out towards him, he looked over to see a brown haired man reaching towards him.

"Come with me if you want to live."

What If: Lon'qu Wasn't Afraid of Women?

Chapter 8: Chapter 8

What If: Lon'qu Wasn't Afraid of Women

Sorry for the hiatus. I appreciate the feedback and encouragement from those who wanted me to continue.

Anna sighed as she placed her tome, stick, and stones into a pouch. She was beginning to grow quiet accustom to using them on a nightly basis. She had been a little weirded out when she found herself groaning Robin's name as pleasure shot through her body. She had also found herself waking up in the morning with his robe on.

She was also a little too excited to hear about the return of Frederick, and was a little too disappointed to hear Robin had not returned with him. The man reported there was to be a special mission to infiltrate Rosanne and that only certain people had been assigned to go. The merchant was surprised to hear that she was one of the few going.

"Quite the surprise," Frederick had commented. "Robin was the one who picked you out."

What was his game? Surely Robin picked her as some sort of way to get revenge on her. That or he was just a horndog who wanted her back for the sex. Though she wasn't really one to have room to judge him. Anna was starting to get tired of just using her special stick.

That reminded her, she needed to pack another tome. She went through her inventory, knowing she had kept it around there somewhere. "Ah!" She said excitedly when she found it. The tome was about half used. Back in the day she used to go through those tomes in a month. She could only thank her lucky stars she hadn't sold it or thrown it away after all these years.

She locked up her shop and kissed it goodbye. She wouldn't be seeing it until she got back. She tried to fight Frederick about that but he refused to allow her to bring it along. It would have been left in Ferox anyway, no way they'd let her take it on the boat.

So she climbed up on her traveling horse, only a few sacks being carried on its back. There was little room to spare but she managed to stuff Robin's robe into one of them. It had begun to lose his scent so she figured she'd give it back.

She shook her head as she realized that was a weird thought process to have.

Robin found himself running through a crowd behind a tall, brown haired man. "Come back here!" the swordsman who had attacked him before shouted.

"Let's stop running and fight!" Robin shouted to the other man.

From in front of tactician, he shook his head. "Not here, the crowd would surely side with her and we'd be dead."

That's a her? Robin thought to himself, looking back briefly to see she was hot on their heels. He yelped as the man grabbed him and pulled him around a corner. In the few precious seconds they had out of site from the swordsman they ran into a shop.

"Anna?" Robin asked upon seeing a familiar redhead standing behind the counter. He shook his head as he remembered it wasn't the one he was familiar with. Looking about he realized this was the clothing store Gregor had informed him about. He turned to the man who saved him. "Who are you again?"

"Lon'qu," he answered as he hopped over the counter, much to the Anna's surprise.

"C-can I help you?" She asked as Robin jumped the counter as well. It was so weird to interact with another Anna. It would be rather ironic if he had to buy a robe from her.

"We need a place to hide for a moment," Lon'qu answered. "Please cover for us."

The Anna pouted, crossing her arms and letting out a 'hmph.' "I want something in returned."

Robin quickly snatched the pouch of gold from the his belt and tossed it up on the counter before hiding again. "Just take that and-"

"WELCOME to my humble clothing store," the Anna cut him off loudly as someone entered. "Can I interest you in any fine wears?"

"No," someone answered, it was the swordsman. "I'm looking for two men. They're armed and very dangerous."

Anna put her finger to her chin. "Mm, sorry, I haven't seen them," she said, Lon'qu and Robin let out sighs of relief. "It's been a slow day actually, and I have a dress that's just calling your name."

Adress?

There was a thunk on the counter accompanied by the spilling of coins. "I'm looking for two men. They're armed and very dangerous." The swordsman said again, a bit slower this time.

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"Sorry, I don't know who you're talking about," Anna replied with a smile. "But that's just enough gold for a stylish new outfit we just-" she stopped short as the bag of coins was swiped up and the person left. Anna began to hum happily as she counted the gold from Robin's pouch.

Lon'qu stood up and kissed the woman on the cheek, causing her to smile wider. "Thanks babe," he said before jumping the counter back to the other side.

Robin went a little pale. "Wait, what!?" he exclaimed as he stood up. Anna looked at him and pushed the gold away from him. "She's with you."

Lon's looked from her and back to Robin. "Yeah," he told him. "Sorry, you just wasted all the gold. She's not going to give it back."

Robin climbed over the counter, now a bit angry. "She said she wanted something in return though."

Anna giggled, eyeing Lon'qu. "And I still expect that payment, after work tonight."

The man smiled at her, making Robin all the more angry. "You married an Anna!?" he exclaimed. Lon's nodded in response. "But they're unbearable!"

"That hurts," Anna responded, sticking her tongue out at him.

Lon'qu shrugged. "They're a little difficult to work with at first but you learn to love them as they learn to love you," he told him.

"I don't know why you're saying them and they. There's only a her and she," Anna corrected him, throwing a few coins at him. "Or at least there better be."

Lon'qu put his arms up to block her projectiles. "Alright, alright, it's just you," he assured her. Robin was baffled by this interaction.

"Good," Anna told him. "Now pick up those coins. I need them back."

As Lon'qu bent down to pick up her coins, Robin look about the shop. "So… you two run this shop together?"

Still counting Robin's gold, Anna shook her head. "No, we're just running it while Lon'qu's friend is gone. I can never pronounce his name… Buh… Baz…"

"Basilio," Lon'qu said, standing up and dropping the coins on the counter. Anna kissed him on the cheek.

Doing a double take, Robin stammered, "Ba-Basilio? The previous khan before Gregor?" Lon'qu nodded. "He… he knits?"

"And sews," Anna corrected him. "He made all the stuff you see in here, you should buy something." She giggled at Robin's death stare. She was just as annoying as the other Anna. Though she had helped him in a tight situation. It made him wonder how his Anna was doing.

He shook his head and changed his focus. "Who was the person after us?" Robin asked Lon'qu. Who seemed about ready to leave.

"Gregor's champion, Marth," he muttered. "She bested me in a match long ago, costing me my title."

That explained why the crowd would have taken her side. She must have been considered a celebrity around these parts. But that didn't answer all of Robin's questions. "So why help me?"

"Call it a way to get her attention," was Lon'qu's answer. "I've dreamed of a rematch but she refuses to give it to me. Maybe now by protecting you I'll get the fight I want." He opened the door and looked around. "But not here, I want a fair match." It was clear Lon'qu had little interest in knowing who Robin was. All he really wanted was a duel.

Anna called out to him. "Kick her ass, baby, and make sure to be back in time for dinner. I need those expert potato peeling skills of yours."

Her husband nodded to her before both he and Robin left. "I need to to return to Gregor's fort," Robin explained. "That's where I've been staying with the Exalt."

Lon'qu looked over his shoulder at him. "That's probably where Marth has gone, if she knows anything about you," he concluded. "Curious that she would be after one of Gregor's guests. Are you an assassin?"

Robin rolled his eyes. "I wish," he muttered. "Tactician."

Now Lon'qu gave Robin an odd glance. "Odd, but doesn't matter. I'll escort you back to the fort."

"Marth? Gregor been looking for you!"

The elderly khan strolled over to his champion, who had been sneaking about the halls. "Master Gregor, now is not a good time." The swordsman replied.

"Why Marth hiding from Gregor? He having guests wanting to meet you," he asked, placing a hand on her shoulder. Marth sighed and brushed it away.

"I can't meet with fa-uh-Chrom," she told Gregor. "I know he wants to see me but you have to understand… it's complicated and I just can't see him right now."

Gregor smiled and pointed a thumb towards himself. "Oy, Gregor seeing," he told her. "Marth pained by her love for exalt, but he married man?"

"Gods, no!" Marth exclaimed, backing up a little. She shook her head so furiously her mask almost fell off. "I just cannot. Please understand."

The khan shrugged and began to walk away. "Oy, what ever you saying," he told her. "Chrom being disappoint though."

"And Master Gregor…"

He stopped and looked back on her.

"Do you trust me?"

"Oy, of course Gregor do," he told her. "Marth is most valiant of Gregor's warriors."

Marth clenched her fist and held it up. "No matter what I do today, no matter what happens… just trust me."

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"Marth having Gregor's trust."

"So… uh… your wife," Robin began. He wasn't one to start conversations or to even participate in them but his curiosity was killing him. "How'd you meet her?"

"She tried to sell me a cheaply made weapon."

Lon'qu wasn't one to talk much either, which Robin sort of liked about him. "We argued for an hour after I broke it

intentionally. She wanted me to pay for it," despite the situation he described, Lon'qu had a hint of a smile on his face.

"Did you?" Robin asked.

"Eventually… when I proposed to her," he replied. He could see the fort in the distance.

Aw, isn't that just adorable, Robin thought to himself bitterly. "Does she have feelings? The Anna I know has tried to kill me multiple times."

"Oh you don't cross Annas, she tried to kill me a time or two as well," he told Robin. So that was a running theme among Annas interactions with men. "Annas are stubborn, you have to understand. You can't really like them until they start to like you." Lon'qu huffed in amusement. "Then they become irresistible."

Robin looked away. He wasn't wrong. Although Robin was unsure about being able to like them. Annas seemed completely unlikeable, irresistible seemed like a joke. They were desirable maybe but not irresistible. He shook his head. It didn't matter. He didn't care. He had Tharja... if she was still alive of course.

The two walked up the steps and entered into Gregor's not-so-humble abode. "I see Gregor hasn't changed a thing since Basilio was here," Lon'qu said, sniffing the air. "Except I smell much more alcohol."

"And soon blood."

The two men turned to see Marth standing at the end of a corridor, slowly walking towards them. "I thought that was you before, Lon'qu," she said, unsheathing his sword. "I didn't know you'd stoop so low as to protect scum like him."

Lon'qu unsheathed his sword. "I have no interest in this man," he took a defensive pose. "I'm here for a rematch against you."

"Stand aside."

"Fight me, bitch."

The two swordsmen charged at each other, but Robin was a bit caught off guard when Marth dodge to the side and passed Lon'qu. She was making a beeline for him. If only Chrom let him carry around damn weapons he could defend himself.

Clang

"What is meaning of this?" Gregor had made a dash and deflected the attack. "Why Marth attacking Gregor's guests?"

"Master Gregor! I told you to trust me!" Marth said through gritted teeth, she and the man pushed blades against each other, waiting for the other to give in. "Please… trust me…" Gregor looked back between Marth and Robin.

"Back off, coward."

Marth could feel the sharp tip of a blade pointing into the back of her neck. Lon'qu was ready to thrust it into her throat at any moment. Seeing no options, Marth dropped her blade.

"What's going on over here?" Chrom ran into the corridor, surprised to see what appeared to be Gregor and Lon'qu fighting Marth with Robin behind Gregor. "Lucina?"

"Chrom," Gregor began, he pointed his sword in Robin's direction. "Gregor wondering why his champion trying to do the slicing and dicing to Chrom's friend Robin."

Chrom used his hand to guide Gregor's sword away from Robin. He stood in between the khan and his tactician. "Robin has a bit of a troubled past, hailing from Plegia," he finally admitted. "We took him in to give us a strategic edge in battle."

…

"Marth, Kill him." Gregor said, both he and Marth approached Chrom with their swords drawn. "Gregor no tolerate filthy, backstabbing infiltrator."

"Thank you, Master Gregor," Marth said, turning to the tactician.

Chrom pulled out his own sword, it was identical to Marth's. "Gregor, I don't want to fight you," he said cautiously. "We don't have to do this… remember our alliance."

"Gregor no wanting to fight either, Gregor wanting to nap," the khan said. "But we kill Plegeian first. Lon'qu, joining us no?"

The man, carefully eyeing everyone in the room, stepped to Gregor's side, looking ready to attack. "I'm sorry, friend," he told Robin, who was glaring daggers of betrayal into him. "I can't defy the khan."

"Really should give me a weapon, Chrom," Robin grumbled, as they both backed up. He didn't see much of a way out of this. Chrom might be able to hold his ground against Lon'qu or Marth, but certainly not both, and certainly not Gregor.

"I've got back up," Chrom informed him, before putting his fingers to his hands and letting out a loud whistle.

…

The five could hear the sound of running boots hitting the floor. "Chrom! Golly I came fast as I could!" Donnel ran into the hall. "Olivia and I were cooking up some… uh…"

"Donnel… to my side," Chrom said his eyes still locked on Gregor. "Don't let them touch Robin."

Donnel gulped. Robin felt as equally screwed and at no better odds. Maybe he'd have a longer head start run while they stabbed Donnel to death. The boy spun his spear around as he took his place at Chrom's side, he was nervous, but stood his ground.

"We killing no one but tactician," Gregor said. "Just provide Gregor opening at his head,"

Lon'qu and Marth charged. Marth and Chrom's blades clashed as Lon'qu swung at Donnel, the boy blocking the attack with the rod. Robin was surprised by Donnel's performance. He was fast, Lon'qu struggled to lay down a hit. The farm boy jumped and danced about with the occasional stab when he got an opening.

Robin was beginning to realize he had a habit of underestimating people.

"Pick a god and pray!"

Everyone turned to the doors Robin and Lon'qu had entered in as Frederick charged through. "I heard your whistle milord. I came as fast as I could."

"Frederick! Watch Gregor!" Chrom shouted, the khan was charging towards Robin, but was brought to a halt as Frederick skidded in front of him to block his attack.

Robin felt someone grab his hand. "We need to move, now!" Someone said before he was pulled down the hall away from the battle. He was surprised to see Anna pulling him down the hall.

"Y-you!" He exclaimed. For a moment he had to process which Anna it was. He had to assume with the appearance of Frederick this was the Anna who had joined the Shepherds. They ran around the corner and approached a door. The merchant grabbed the doorknob and threw the door open.

"Damn it," she muttered, running down the hall further and trying the next door, it was locked. "Perfect," she whipped out a small metal object and inserted it into the doorknob, in a few seconds she had it unlocked. "Get in, get in," she ordered Robin, pulling him in and closing and locking the door behind them.

It was cramped and dark. "What are we in? Acloset?" Robin grumbled.

"Shut up," Anna put her hand over his mouth. There were voices in the hall outside. The doorknob jiggled for a moment before whoever checked it moved on.

…

After a few quiet moments, Anna removed her hand. "Now what?" Robin asked, sarcastically. There was literally nowhere to go. He couldn't see and there wasn't anywhere the cubbyhole lead to. It was too small for either of them to even sit down.

"We wait," Anna told him. "Chrom will talk some sense into Gregor."

"Talk sense? You want me dead too."

"I- no… I found certain value in you…"

Robin smirked, though Anna couldn't see it in the dark. "Right, the sex."

"To put it bluntly… yes."

"Have you been wearing my robe?" Robin sniffed. "You smell like my robe."

"No! Shut up! I didn't."

"Oh my gods you'd been wearing my robe."

"Just be happy I didn't sell it, prick."

"Bitch."

"I will throw you out into that hallway to be chopped up by Gregor." Anna threatened, unlocking the door to show she was serious.

"Aw, you don't mean that," Robin came in a little closer. They could feel each other breathing.

"Want to test tha-" Anna's threat was cut off as Robin kissed her. At first she drew back and tried to stop, only to bump her head against the wall her back was to. It took her a few seconds to realize she wanted this. Her mind fought her for a few moments, telling her now was not the time, but she brushed those thoughts aside.

Reaching down she swiftly unbuckled her pants, letting them fall to the ground, Robin was going to have to deal with her panties as she began to swiftly unbuckle his pants as well. As she heard his pants slide down his legs and onto the floor she began to feel about and could tell from the bump in Robin's underwear that he was already ready for what they both new was coming next.

Robin was only just now realizing how much he had been waiting for this. He pulled down Anna's undergarments and inserted himself into her. "Oh my gods finally," the merchant murmured. She had been waiting just as much as he had.

There was a gentle thumping as Anna continuously bumped against the wall. She started to say this could be a bad idea, but she was cut short as Robin kissed her again. She wrapped her arms around his neck and arched her back as Robin picked up speed, the thumping was just a little bit faster. Anna bit her bottom lip and moaned quietly into Robin's ear.

It was cramped and it was dark, but it didn't matter with all the sensations bursting through their bodies. Anna welcomed the darkness though as Robin couldn't see just how much pleasure he was giving her, her bottom lip always pinched gently between her teeth. It was so different from last time as Robin now took control as Anna was simply along for the ride.

"Ah, ah!" Anna began to whimper as Robin pushed her against the wall and thrusted more forcefully. With every pump Anna gasped and moaned. While she wasn't thinking too much of it then, Robin couldn't help but notice Anna's willingness and vulnerability now. She was putty in his hands this time. He wanted to experiment but there was so little room to maneuver, they could do much more than what they were doing now.

"R-Robin, stop," Anna began. "Just a moment."

The tactician withdrew from her, and he could feel Anna bump and brush against him as he realized she was turning around. Well this certainly was new for Robin. The man stood there in uncertainty for a moment, Anna pressed her butt cheeks up against Robin's rod, rubbing it up and down. The tactician took a deep breath before entering the merchant from behind.

"Gods…" Anna whimpered, her fingernails digging at the wall she was up against. Robin was being a wimp about it though so she pushed herself against him, earning her a grunt. She began to move her hips back and forth, meanwhile her ponytail was slapping Robin in the face continually. In retaliation he grabbed it in his hand and pulled it back as he thrusted forward.

Anna wanted to shout, her mouth bled from biting her tongue so hard as to stay quiet. "That hurt, you jackass," she grunted. She was about to scratch Robin for doing that but they both froze as the door swung open.

…

"Aw not again!"

Slam!

It was Donnel, the poor boy had seen everything. *Again?* Anna thought to herself. The two could hear voices on the other side of the door.

"Any sign of them?" It was Chrom.

"Nope! No! Haven't seen them!" Donnel was quick to respond. "Zip! Zilch! Nada!" quickly followed by the sound of him running away.

"We should get out of here," Robin said as he pulled out. He was quick to fasten his buckle. He was taken by surprise with a swift slap to the face. "What the hell-"

"Never touch the ponytail," Anna commanded. "Ever again or you are in for a world of hurt."

…

Without another word Robin threw open the door and stepped out into the hall. He was relieved to take a breath of fresher air, not having noticed how stuffy the closet had been before. "If Donnel was looking for me I imagine that means they've talked things through," Robin murmured, dusting off his clothes.

"He saw us, what are we going to do about that," Anna asked. "We should look for him."

Robin shook his head. He seemed to care little. "He didn't say anything when he saw us so why talk later?"

"Robin and Anna were doin' things in the closet," Donnel groaned as he rubbed his eyes, as if to clean them from what he had seen.

"What?" Olivia asked, she was watering some flowers in the windowsill as she looked at the farm boy. "Really? I have a hard time imagining Robin with anybody… such a bitter man."

Donnel sat himself down. "It sure is odd," he murmured. "Anna hates him from what I heard."

The dancer smiled at the boy as she continued to water her plants. "Well, there are many, many Annas," she told him, though it wasn't much of a secret to anyone. "Maybe that was a different one."

It was unlikely, Donnel figured, but he couldn't help but wonder how he stumbled into these situations repeatedly. At least Robin's affairs weren't as big of a deal as the queen's. He couldn't help but notice that she had arrived in Ferox with Cordelia. Donnel wondered if Robin had picked them both or with they insisted on going together.

He let out a frustrated sigh and rubbed his face. Olivia looked at him worriedly, walking a few paces over to him. "Are you okay?"

"I reckon I'm fine…" Donnel answered. "Just-"

"Olivia?"

The dancer's pot hit the ground with a clang as her eyes met with the person who spoke her name. She knew that red-haired pigtail and those red eyes anywhere. Though there were many like it, she could always recognize this one in particular.

"A-Anna?"

The two girls were at a standstill, equally surprised to see each other. Anna's bottom lip quivered before she turned around and ran away, bumping into Robin on her way. "Ow, watch it," Robin grunted before realizing something was wrong.

Donnel looked to Olivia, who shakily bent down to pick up her can of now spilt water. "Do… ya'll know each other?" he asked.

All Olivia could do was nod.

Working on the next chapter as this is being posted. Swearsies.

Chapter 9: Chapter 9

What If: Anna Had Some Backstory

Footsteps echoed up and down the hallow hall as Robin found himself strolling down the corridor. Moments ago he watched Anna have what seemed like a mental breakdown, followed by her running away and rudely bumping into him in the process. She was stirred by the site of Gregor's dancer, Olivia, and Robin was slightly curious to know why.

Slightly.

Any normal day at the base he'd know where to find her, huddled away in her shop trying to sell garbage for a profit. Unfortunately they were not at the base, so Robin had little idea where to look. Maybe he would be able to sense the annoying radiating from her body.

He stopped in front of one door in particular. Only minutes ago he had been in there with her, surely that wasn't where she'd retreat to. He grasped the door anyway and was surprised it was unlocked. He swung the door open to find Anna. She sat on the ground, looking up at him with little surprise. It was almost as if she had hoped Robin would find her there.

Looking around to see no one in sight, Robin again slipped into the dark, cramped room. He sat himself down on the floor next to Anna, whom he could feel trembling a bit.

"You know her?" He asked, referring to Olivia. He didn't know why he was perusing conversation. While he often wished for Chrom to shut up he found himself quiet uncomfortable with Anna so quiet. Perhaps it was because it was so out of character for her. In fact, Robin was realizing it was unlike her to be upset like this. She was never disturbed in such a way.

"Y-yeah…" Anna murmured, hugging her legs and resting her head on her chin.

"From where?"

Anna took in a deep breath. "You'd ridicule me…"

Oh gods it was going to be an annoying backstory. Robin wanted to leave but his curiosity was tugging at him. At the very least he might have some dirt to use against her. "I mean I do that already so…"

Anna shook her head. "It's pretty bad."

"Whatever it is I can promise I've done worse."

Anna looked up as the man slid down the wall and sat on the floor.

Was he being supportive or just trying to get information out of her? Anna wouldn't put it past him do have done some terrible things.

"Trade secret?" the redhead asked with a slight smirk. Robin huffed in amusement. As if he ever expected to get anything out of her for free. "You have to top my terrible thing with something even worse."

With a shrug, Robin agreed. Unlike Anna, he cared little to keep secrets and knew everyone already thought he was a monster. This would change little. "So who goes first?" he asked.

Anna let out a sigh, leaning back and resting her head on the wall. She didn't really trust him to keep his end of the deal but she was sure he also didn't trust her at all. She jumped slightly has something fell on her head and obscured her view.

"Take the robe and get your story over with," Robin muttered. "When I tell you mine, you give it back."

Pulling the robe off her head, the merchant was shocked. Robin was so confident his story would top her's. Not only that but he made the first move. What was his game? He had to be scheming. Anna let out a heavy sigh and wrapped the robe around her arm securely so he couldn't snatch it and run.

A deep breath escaped Anna's lungs, her heart pounding with how nervous she was. She hadn't told anyone in years about her past. "Just… I don't have all day," Robin muttered, he couldn't really go anywhere now that she had his robe.

Anna turned her head away, her face turning red with embarrassment. "Being an 'Anna' isn't an easy job," she murmured, hiding her face in his robe. "You don't just get a free shop, you have to get the money yourself. Normally you could assist older Anna's in their shops to build up cash but…"

…

"… My mother died when I was young and my father was never to be seen. I was rather un-liked by other Annas for being a troublemaker and being easily distracted." She chuckled to herself bitterly. "I'm the only Anna in the world who would let herself get caught up in fighting a war that mattered little to her. You could call it a business opportunity but my sales have never been lower."

Turning his head away, thinking maybe that'd it would become easier for her to explain, Robin asked. "So what does this have to do with the dancer…"

Anna was shaking, the woman's face only brought back painful memories. "While I was… uh… working to get money to start a shop… I met her as sort of a co-worker."

Robin looked at her, a disappointed look on his face. "I hope that's not the end because that was extremely boring."

The redhead scowled at him. "We were prostitutes."

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Robin scratched his head. "So when I commented about the brothel…"

"Yeah."

"And the manipulative sex…"

"Mhmm."

"And the lack of care of being naked around me…"

"Right."

It certainly made sense. Everything was adding up. "It was a dark time in my life," Anna spoke up. "It really was rock bottom." She swallowed hard. "When your job is like that, it doesn't really matter what you want… you just do it with whoever gives you money. There were nights I'd be left broken and beaten."

Asad smile formed on Anna's lips. "I'm glad Olivia finally got out. She was far too sweet to be treated the way she was." Her gaze turned downward. "Being an Anna I knew a thing or two about getting extra cash out of a job and Olivia asked for advice from time to time."

Robin tilted his head. "What kind of advice?"

"You have to do it all sexy-like, sway your hips, show your curves, but don't let them see too much at a time," Anna told a nervous but eager Olivia. "It's like unwrapping a gift, doing it too quickly takes all the fun out of it. You have to be a tease."

The two were in a bedroom by themselves, Olivia sat wooden chair as Anna stood before her. "Just watch," the redhead said as she slowly pulled down her pants to reveal a thin, red thong after removing her shirt and letting her hair down.

Olivia gasped. "You look so different with your hair let down," she commented.

Anna smirked. "All part of the show," she assured the other as she turned her back and undid her bra. She slowly turned to face Olivia again, one arm covered her now bare breasts and her index finger pinched cutely between her teeth. Olivia's bottom lip quivered as she watched Anna's seductive performance.

"Y-you really are a tease," she admitted.

Anna leaned over the girl, taking and hand from her mouth and caressing Olivia's face. "Make them earn it," Anna purred, inching closer. "Men love the game."

Their lips connected and they kissed. This hadn't really been what Olivia expected when asking for help but the fact that Anna had pulled her so deep into it only proved the woman's methods were effective. She could feel the woman straddling her swaying her hips against the dancers legs. Olivia was beginning to feel wet in her lower region. She had never done it with a girl before but Anna drew her in.

The kiss broke and Anna smiled gently. "Just keep watching," she whispered. She removed herself from Olivia's lap and began to remove the dancer's pants. The student blushed as the teacher noticed she was already wet. "If they aren't turned on some mouth work should do the trick." Olivia squeaked as lips wrapped around her vagina, and a twitchy tongue entered into her.

"A-Anna!" She moaned, placing her hands on the merchants head. Her legs squeezed the merchant as a shiver ran down her spine. Her body was tensing up, she wanted to scream in pleasure but she didn't want to be heard, so she bit her bottom lip.

A gasp slipped through her lips as Anna suddenly stopped. She was speechless. The redhead pushed her increasingly messy head behind her shoulders again and positioned herself to sit on Olivia again. She placed her hands on the girl's shoulders and began to sway her hips. "And then you stick it in and go for it. Foreplay is done, just ride them and pray they don't ask for anything weird."

"B-but what if they're a girl?"

When the merchant gave her an odd look, Olivia immediately regretted her question. "Not often that we have female clients," Anna murmured. But as she watched Olivia gush with embarrassment, she smiled gently and stood up, pulling her from her chair and drawing her over to the bed. "But I suppose there's always a chance… I guess I'll have to show you…" She pushed Olivia down on her bed before positioning her and herself in a good position in the middle of the bed. "I'm surprised you've never heard of this, honestly." She said as she placed her left leg over Olivia's right and her right leg under Olivia's left, pressing her skin against hers.

Olivia's back arched and she yelped as Anna began to rub her lower area against her's. The redhead wasn't even being aggressive Olivia just hadn't expected it to feel so good. The two women's hips swayed as their rubbing grew faster and more aggressive. Anna groaned delightfully as Olivia panted to go faster and faster. It was apparent this was no longer a teaching session.

"If you rub your clit with your hands it feels even better," Anna panted as she began to rub. Olivia followed suit.

"A-Anna, I think I'm gonna cum!" Olivia exclaimed.

"G-Go for it, sweetheart, I'm right behind you!"

With a final push of aggression, pleasure shot through the women's bodies. "F-fuck!" Anna shouted as Olivia moaned and groaned. With that they collapsed on the bed, panting heavily.

"And that's…" Anna said between breaths. "Is how you do it… with a girl…"

"W-well," Robin stammered. "I'll have a lot to think about tonight."

Anna scowled. "You better not." with a huff she looked away. She hadn't really meant to pour her heart out that much. "You're story better be pretty damn good."

Robin huffed in bitter amusement. "What if I killed my own mother?"

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"That would be pretty bad if such a thing had happened." Anna said, slowly turning back. Robin could tell that she didn't believe him.

"Well it's... it's true," he muttered. He thought he had gotten past that moment, past the feelings of regret. He had pulled away from human emotion so much that he'd be numb to relive his past. "That was… that was my rock bottom."

Shit.

Robin gritted his teeth and stood up. He couldn't do it. He thought he could but he couldn't relive the moment. Good lord if Anna saw him upset he might actually throw himself off a cliff. With a yell of anger his fist flew forward and he struck the wall with such force his knuckles began to bleed. The pain wasn't enough. He began to repeatedly beat his fists against the wall, pounding with all his might. Anna realized he was covering up his mental paint the only way he knew how: with physical pain.

Anna could see the moment any remnants of Robin's heart fell apart at the thought of his past. There was no faking this. This was a Robin she had never seen before.

"There are only two people in this goddam world I've ever cared about and I killed one of them."

His fist hit the wall again…

"And now the other is probably dead as well…"

… and again…

"And now the man responsible is dead… and he didn't even die at my own hands."

… and again.

His fists fell to his sides, blood dripping to the floor.

"I couldn't do it," Robin's eyes were covered by his hair. "I guess you get to keep the robe."

With that, the man walked away. Only the sounds of his footsteps echoing down the hall could be heard as Anna sat in silence, mouth slightly agape.

Next: What If: Robin Killed his Mother

Sorry for the short chapter. Also Anna is gonna be in Fire Emblem: Fates as DLC does this call for a new fic? (ಠ‿ಠ)

Chapter 10: Chapter 10

What if: Robin Killed his Mother

"You don't understand! He's a monster!" Lucina exclaimed. "He's going to kill us all!"

She and Gregor stood at one side of a desk while Chrom and Frederick stood on the other. They were suppose to be having a private conversation but their shouting wasn't making it very 'private'.

"The man is a monster, I'll give you that," Chrom ran his hands through his hair. "but as for destroying the entire world goes, I'd say that's a bit farfetched."

"I… I've seen it! With my own two eyes!" Lucina retorted, though she hesitated to state it at first. She turned her head down and gritted her teeth.

"Last I checked, which was about five minutes ago," Frederick began. "The world was still intact. Robin may be low life but he's done no harm to you. He was out buying a robe when you attacked him."

"Money that's now gone, by the way," Chrom pointed out.

Stroking his chin, Gregor agreed. "There not much evidence," he commented. "How could Lucina be making these claims?"

Lucina clenched her fist and hit the desk. "Because I come from the future, dammit!"

…

The silence was broken by Gregor's laughter. "Oy, Lucina, isn't it bit early for the drinking?" he asked his swordsman.

Lucian hurried around the desk and stood in front of Chrom, standing on her tiptoes to be at his eye level. "Look into my eyes, Father, what do you see?" she asked the Exalt.

"Father?" Gregor asked, his laughter suddenly stopping.

Chrom staggered back before looking to Frederick. "S-she has the mark of the exalt!"

To this, Frederick's brow furrowed. "It could be a trick," he insisted. To this Lucina shook her head.

"She leaned into Chrom's ears and whispered something, to which his eyes widened.

"She's… she's who she says she is…"

"Sir," Frederick murmured. "Excuse me if I'm speaking out of line but you can't be serious."

Chrom looked between the girl and the man. "I believe her," he confirmed.

"First you trust a man from the other side of a war with our battle strategies and now you want to believe the ludicrous claims of a young woman claiming to be from the future?" Frederick asked.

Lucina jumped as a hand fell to her shoulder. She looked back to see a confused Gregor looking down at her. "Why you no telling Gregor about this?" he asked as Chrom and Frederick argued.

The girl turned her gaze downward. "I-I'm sorry Gregor," she apologized. "You deserved to know sooner but… I feared you wouldn't believe me."

"Heh," Gregor rubbed his nose with his index finger. "Probably right." He had a sad smile on his face.

Lucina smiled at him as well. "I wanted to tell you... believe me. You've been the closest thing to a father I ever had, since mine died in the future."

The room once again fell silent. Lucina turned back to Chrom. "Robin kills you in the future… my future…" she began to walk around the room. "He murders you in cold blood and becomes an unstoppable, evil force that kills everything it sees."

"Then what do you suppose we do," Chrom said in a low voice.

"Kill him! He's not at full strength! We can prevent this from ever occurring!" Lucina exclaimed. "If what I've heard is true he's done plenty to earn a death sentence."

Chrom shook his head. "Absolutely not," he muttered. "I promised Robin we would welcome him with open arms." He looked to Frederick and Gregor. "He might be cold towards us, but he's proven himself useful and he's yet to cause us any real trouble since we took him in."

"But, father-"

"Emmeryn would have done the same," he interjected. "She would have given him another chance."

Frederick's gaze turned downward. "I apologize, my lord. I will heed to your wishes, but you must let me watch this man like a hawk, and accept my judgement to take him down should he betray us."

Chrom smiled sadly. "Indeed, just…" he looked to Lucina. "Just give him a chance. We can change things now to prevent your future from happening." He stepped up to her and put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

Lucina shivered. She hadn't felt the warm touch of her father in years, and somehow it was just as she remembered it. "F-father…" she muttered as he pulled her into an embrace.

Chrom smiled, "do it for me."

Anna's mind was racing at a million miles an hour. She stood at the door of Robin's temporary guest room in Gregor's castle, the robe draped in her arms. She had just seen the tiniest bit of humanity in a man she had never considered close to human.

Turning her gaze down to the robe, Anna inspected the Plegian symbol proudly on display. In all the times she witnessed Robin act, she had never once thought there was a reason for his cruelness and bitterness. She was a little ashamed to have thought he was just born a monster, not considering the life changing events who defined who he was.

To her, Robin had always been nothing but hate incarnate. It wasn't until a few moments ago she realized that perhaps, just like her, he was a broken individual. The difference being Anna had tried to move on, where as Robin let himself be defined by his actions.

She bit her bottom lip. She wasn't sure what drew her to do this, Robin had done little but cause her trouble… maybe even scarring her. Yet she had opened up to him and in a way he had opened up to her. She raised her hand to knock, it was her final chance to back off and turn away and yet-

knock* knock* knock* knock* knock

She tapped the door with her knuckles. "Robin?" It was weird to call him by his name. When there was no answer, Anna grasped the doorknob, surprised to find the door was unlocked, but pushing to open the door proved ineffective. She pushed again with confusion but it wouldn't move.

"Gods, go away," a voice from the other side groaned. Anna realized he must have been sitting in front of the door. She thought for a moment to leave, but again found herself oddly… caring about the situation at hand. She leaned against the door and slid to a sitting position on the floor.

"You can have your robe back," she murmured. "You said enough."

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There was some movement on the other side of the door. Robin figured if he didn't take it back now he may never see it again. He was probably lucky to have it back considering it was in Anna's possession not once but twice.

The merchant quickly scurried up to a standing position as Robin opened the door, he looked exhausted and his knuckles still dripped with blood.

"Gods, Robin, you'll get blood all over this nice robe," Anna murmured. She walked in and threw the robe on the bed, rummaging through the dresser drawers in the room to eventually find bandages.

Robin's mouth was agape as she took his hand and began to wrap the bandage around him red knuckles. "What are

you doing?" he asked.

Anna bowed her head. She wasn't really sure herself. "It's a nice robe it hurts me to think how messy you would let it get."

Robin smirked. "Well then I have some terrible news for you."

"I don't want to know," Anna was quick to say, not caring to know about who's blood it had bathed in.

Robin huffed in amusement. The two stood there quietly as Anna wrapped a bandage around his other hand. "You should probably go wash your wounds before they're infected," she told him as she finished tying them. He was a bit baffled by her kindness.

"Hm," Robin grunted.

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"Back when I was young… too young to remember," Robin began. "My mother took me in the night and ran away with me from the clutches of my father." Anna's eyes widened. Was he going to give her his background? Was all that it took really just a few acts of kindness? "She ran away to the countryside where she raised me away from civilization. There she hid me from my father and Gangrel."

Anna's brow furrowed. "Gangrel wasn't your father?"

To this Robin shook his head. "No, my father goes by the name Validar." He explained to her. "Back then it was just me, my mother, and a young girl named Tharja, whom I must have befriended when I lived in the castle. Mother mercifully took her with us, and we lived far away from that awful castle happily for… for a long time."

Strolling over to his bed, Robin sat on the edge and ran his hand through his hair. "I started developing feelings for Tharja, and she began to have a thing for me," he shook his head. "Everything was perfect until they found us."

There was nothing Robin could do. He was beaten and hurt, he barely had any energy in him to struggle against the strong soldiers that pinned him down. His eyes watered as the burning sensation of ashes in the air. He was suffocating on smoke, as everything around him was on fire.

They had done it. Plegia knew nothing but destruction and burned down the place Robin called home. In mere minutes his merry life had led to this. He looked over to his left to see his mother and Tharja in a similar situation: pinned down the helpless.

"What should we do with the women, my lord, we have little use for them," one of the soldiers commented, to this Gangrel stroked his chin.

"No, they could be used as a bit more of a… persuasion," he gave Robin a toothy grin.

Robin grunted and wrestled about more. "Gangrel, you bastard! You won't lay a finger on my family!"

The king nodded his head. "Oh that's quite right my dear boy, I was never one to get my hands dirty," he said, his tone oozing of menace. "I could easily have one of my soldiers do it… but where's the fun in that?"

Robin jumped as a knife wedged itself into the ground with a thunk in front of his face. "No… we need to break you… be sure that you won't betray us like your whore of a mother." Gangrel's words sent shivers down Robin's spine. "It's time for you to make a choice… boy."

Gangrel picked up the knife, waving it in the direction of Robin's mother and Tharja, both with tears streaming from their eyes. "You see, life is such a delicate thing, so easy to take away," the king continued. "I could easily take the life of both of these women, but I need something a little more entertaining." He glared at Robin.

"You're going to kill them."

Robin's heart skipped a beat. "You must be crazy if you think I would ever do that!" he screamed.

Gangral laughed. "Oh, but you will. You're mother is a traitorous swine and has been avoiding the death penalty for many,

many years," he licked his lips. "But the girl… well… she's innocent as a new born baby, such a waste of life."

"No!" Robin exclaimed.

"But you can save her," Gangrel turned back to Robin. "Kill the traitor to us, and we'll let the girl live."

Robin's heart again skipped a beat.

"Or we could always killed them both…"

With a hand motion, Gangrel ordered his man to let Robin go, pulling him to his feet. Gangrel handed him the knife. "With her blood you will swear your alliance to us for the rest of eternity… lest we decide to kill the girl as well."

Horrified, Robin looked to his mother and friend, both who were just as terrified as him. Rage filled Robin as adrenalin rushed through his body. With his last burst of energy he charged Gangrel but was quickly countered by one of his soldiers. With an armored fist to the face, Robin fell to the ground. Gangrel sneered at him. "This is your last chance, boy. You're lucky I'd be so generous."

Robin's head was thumping, he could barely see straight. The smoke and the ash wasn't helping, but through the crackling fire he heard a voice. "Robin… I love you… so… so much…" if was the weak voice of his mother, who struggled to speak.

"Mom…"

"Just as I love you as a son… I love… Tharja as a daughter…" her voice whimpered. "S-save her… Robin…"

His entire body shaking, Robin slowly picked himself up to his hands and knees. Slowly, he reached for the knife that lay on the ground.

"Robin, no!" Tharja screamed.

Tears streaming from his face, the man looked to the girl, she was kicking and screaming to be free and stop him. "No! Robin! No!"

Robin fumbled with the knife as his hands shook so much. His mother gave him a sad smile as whispered a final, "save her…"

"Mom…" Robin stumbled over to her as the soldier holding her down let her go. Though she made no effort to move from her position. "I-I love you… s-so much… t-too," he fell to his knees and embraced her…

… one final time…

"Robin! NO!"

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"…" Anna was speakless.

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Robin's face was buried in his hands.

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"R-Robin… I…" The merchant didn't know what to say. There was no right thing to say. There were tears slipping through the gaps between his fingers.

Anna was on the verge of tears, to which she wiped the back of her hand against her eyes. Robin's story was… intense so say the least. Gangrel's method of breaking him was clever and effective. After going so far to keep someone he loved

safe, Robin would surely do everything he could to keep Tharja alive. The girl made the man putty in the king's hand. He didn't live the life of a royal back in Plegia as Anna had always assumed, he was nothing short of a slave.

"I…" Robin finally removed his face from his hands and wiped his eyes. "I swore I would kill Gangrel for what he did… make him suffer." The man swallowed hard. "And then he was swiftly killed by someone other than me."

"The new king," Anna commented, she had remembered that day on the battlefield… for more reasons than one. "And your father?"

"Disappeared… he wasn't there when I was returned." The man stood up with his back turned to Anna. His fists clenched so tightly they were shaking. He wanted to kill either himself or Anna now that the tough demeanor he had always kept up would be torn to shreds by the tears she had seen. "Now if you don't mind… I'm going to go slam my head against a wall until I'm knocked unconscious or I forget this ever happened."

But as Robin took a step to leave he felt a tug on his coat. The stupid merchant probably decided she wanted it back or-…

… she was crying…

This was suppose to be his sad story, not her's.

"I lost my parents too… and… and it hurt… so much," she said, her voice was shaky. "But… but your own mother… that's soul crushing…" she used her free hand to wipe her eyes. "I can't imagine the pain that brings you every day…"

Robin gritted his teeth, quickly turning his gaze away. The woman was going to make him cry again.

Having heard quite enough, Lucina left the side of Robin's closed door. She had listened in on the tactician and merchant's conversation before strolling down the hall. Robin's story was tragic sure, but not enough to convince Lucina he was worth keeping around. Though her pity towards the man helped her accept her father's request to give Robin another chance. He wasn't a terrible monster at heart, just the twisted puppet of a twisted puppeteer. And if his story was true then he did truly hate Plegia and would have little reason to betray her father... at least until Plegia was dealt with.

"This past is so different from the one I had heard about," Lucina murmured to herself. "What's happened that changed things so-"

"Sumia! There she is!" An excited voice broke her train of thought as she saw Chrom and his queen strolling towards her.

"No…" Lucina whispered. Surely the future hadn't changed that much.

Robin's head felt like it was on fire as Anna pulled on his hair. It hurt like a bitch but all the same felt great as it and adrenaline swallowed up the pain he had been wallowing in the last few minutes. Anna was up to a bit more than just that.

In the moments between their tears and now, Robin just wanted to feel something… anything but the pain of his past. Whether he was smacking his head against a wall or sticking his hand in a fire he needed to forget. Anna suggested that there were better, less violent ways they could go about it. They both knew what she meant.

Robin wasn't quiet in the mood for passionate sex but Anna had grabbed him by the robe and threw him on the bed, pinching his nipples through his clothes like their first time. It caught him off guard and it stung like hell but… that was the point. With a slight grin, as if to give the merchant permission, Anna and he aggressively locked lips deciding to lose themselves in each other instead of their pain.

The hands eventually stopped their pinching business and pulled down Robin's pants. The tactician quickly did the same to the merchant. Now Anna straddled Robin, effectively fucking him as she now pulled his hair.

"Harder," he groaned. The redhead, who had been nibbling on his neck, looked up at with a little concern. Though she didn't for a moment slow the sex.

"Are you sure?" she asked. Robin nodded, so Anna went faster, pulled harder, bit tougher. He took fists full of the sheets into his hands, gritting his teeth instead out shouting. A few moments later Anna stopped pulling his hair and instead dug her fingernails into his shoulders. He took in a sharp breath as she slowly ran them down his skin. "Too much?" she asked with a smirk.

Robin grinned devilishly. "Never."

"I'd draw some blood but that'd stain these expensive sheets."

"Spoilsport."

"Weirdo."

Their playful taunting was interrupted as they kissed again, aggressively shoving each other's tongues into the other's mouth for several minutes. Robin was impressed with Anna's seemingly boundless energy as she pumped her hips even faster. He panicked for a moment, squirming under her and grunting into her mouth several times before-

Too late.

He came in her.

"F-father?" Lucina stammered as the exalt and his queen approached him.

"Lucina, I'd like you to meet your mother," he said with a grin, wrapping a loving arm around Sumia.

Sumia smiled cheerfully. "Lucina is such a lovely name," she began. "What a strange but… pleasant surprise to find we'll be having another child someday soon."

Lucina's heart skipped a beat.

Chrom laughed. "Indeed, and such a lovely one as well. Tell us… is there a future Cynthia lurking around here too?" He and Sumia laughed.

Lucina covered her mouth, before breaking into a run in the opposite direction. *No, no, no, no!*

"Lucina?" her father called out to her. "Lucina, wait!"

This isn't right! This isn't happening! Lucina's mind screamed. *That's not my mother!*

Next: What If: Lucina Wasn't the Firstborn

Sorry if this was kind of rushed. Probably even more typo ridden than before. I was trying to get an update in before Fates absolutely destroys my free time.